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The STRANGE CASE of CAVENDISH

A Great Mystery Story That Links the White Lights of New York City to the Hot Dry Sands of the Shoshone Desert.

By RANDALL PARRISH

Who Wrote "THE DEVIL'S OWN"

CHICAGO LEDGER

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Ye Office Boy Writes a Popular Song

By S. Mart Aleck Himself

MY EYE

Words and Music by S. Mart Aleck.

There was a handsome one-eyed gink who wore a glassy glim—
He'd leave it in the bathhouse when he went to take a swim.
He stayed out in the ocean for a lengthy time one day,
And when he reached the bathhouse his eye had went away!
Then o'er the transom came a voice and hit him in the ear,
And this is what the one-eyed gink proceeded then to hear:

CHORUS.

"I've got your eye, so you must see I am a fancy kid.
I wear some nifty clothes, my dear, and quite a stylish lid.
Two eyes ain't quite enough to see how very good am I,
So look me over, scout, with one—then mul-ti-ply!"

SECOND WORSE.

That very day the twain were wed, down by the summer sea.
His glass eye twinkled with delight as brightly as could be—
Days came and went and hubby found he'd like to lose his sight,
For false was wife in teeth and hair—she really was a fright!
So when he took his glass eye out he'd often sadly say,
The while his good eye rolled in tears and gazed afar away:

CHORUS.

"One eye I had and I could see she was a fancy kid,
She wore some nifty clothes, I saw, and quite a stylish lid.
But half she was and only that of what I thought I'd spied,
So, 'stead of multiplying, she should have said—di-vide!"

Tactless.

WITHERBY—I made the mistake of my life this morning. I told my wife that I didn't like her new dress.

Plankington—What, was she angry?

Witherby—Oh, no, it wasn't so much that, but now she wants another.

Pleasant Work.

"WHAT'S the latest reform movement?"

"A crusade against bare knees."

"Making any progress?"

"A number of prominent citizens have volunteered to act as inspectors."

In a new size package

LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTE

10 for 10 cts

MANY smokers prefer it. They'll find that this compact package of ten Lucky Strike Cigarettes will just suit them.

Try them—dealers now carry both sizes: 10 for 10 cts; 20 for 20 cts.

The American Tobacco Co.

It's Toasted

Hot Off the Jokesmith's Anvil

Medics in Doubt.

"Has your aunt gone under the knife yet?"

"Not yet. She's so fat the surgeons don't know whether to operate or blast."

Helping Him Out.

"There was something I wanted to say to you, but it's gone clean out of my head."

"It wasn't 'good-night,' was it?"

Reassuring.

Nervous Tourist—What if the bridge should break and the train fall into the river?

Conductor—Don't worry, sir. This road won't miss it. It has a lot of trains.

To Occupy Chair of Music.

"My boy Bennie is lazy, but I must say he is smart," declared the musician.

"Is he going to follow in his father's footsteps?"

"No. I learned to play the trombone and I've got to march about eight miles every time there's a parade. Bennie is learning the harp, so they will have to let him sit down."

Exactly.

"Jim got pinched, you say. What for?"

"He was out developing the speed of his new car and——"

"I see—a case of arrested development."

From Now On.

"Women say they intend to do their share of ruling."

"Yep, look out for dainty footprints on the sands of time."

Conductor's Mistake.

The street car was very full and passengers were struggling backward and forward and up and down the center aisle.

They all stumbled over a big black thing about midway down the car.

Presently the conductor came along to collect the fares. He, too, stumbled over the big black thing and located as its owner an old man sitting just near it.

"Pardon me, sir," said the conductor, "would you mind putting your suitcase a little more under the seat?"

"Conductor," cried the infuriated old man, "that isn't my suitcase; that's my foot!"

Her Idea of Him.

Maid (who has just received a month's notice)—There's a gentleman wants to see you, sir.

Head of the House—Who is it?

Maid—I don't know, sir.

Head of the House—What did he say?

Maid—'E just said 'e wanted to see the lyin' scoundrel wot lives 'ere, sir.

Local Pride.

"Confound it!" snarled a hypercritical tourist, bursting into the Golconda Hotel in Rampage, Okla., accompanied by a considerable portion of a sandstorm. "What a devil of a place! My neck, ears and pockets are full of real estate."

"Eh-yah!" returned the landlord. "But don't the sand in the atmosphere temper the glare of the sun splendidly?"

A Bunch of Girls.

"Why don't you marry your ideal, then?"

"I can't. Grace has lovely hair, Mabel has ideal eyes and I admire Flossie's figure."

"I see. Your ideal is a composite."

IN REVERSED CIRCUMSTANCES.

Regard the old lady who lived in a shoe
And posed as a pauper midst affluent crew.
How changed was her plight in late days, I declare!
She is taxed on the books in the list "millionaire."

Brain Teasers.

Word Syncopations.

81—Example: Take unused from a repetition and leave actual. Answer: Re-new-al.

1. Take to gain from increasing and leave a sailor's beverage.
2. Take a feeling of irritation from a room devoted to cooking and leave knowledge.
3. Take a cut off from bending and leave to utter melodious sounds.
4. Take to walk lazily from a small town and leave despicable.
5. Take a little demon from merely and leave cunning.
6. Take to request from a wicker object and leave to wager.
7. Take a human being from merciful and leave tint.
8. Take to put on from to pardon and leave the fruit of the pine.
9. Take to finish from a sinew and leave a weight.
10. Take a fuss from a grassy plain and leave the cry of a cat.
11. Take a snare from pertaining to a magnet and leave enchantment.
12. Take a pronoun from a fruit and leave to wail.
13. Take a round body from capable of absorbing and leave not present.
14. Take conflict from recompense and leave a color.
15. Take to consume from an agreement between nations and leave to endeavor.
16. Take to loan from mixed and leave a couch.
17. Take protracted from that which pertains to one and leave existence.
18. Take amount from to destroy and leave a geometrical figure.

The initials of the eighteen little words removed will spell the name of the man who was called the "dean of American letters."

Hidden Quotation.

82—Find the first words of a Shakespeare play.

aaa eeeeee g hhh i ll m nn r s tt ww.

Riddle.

83—By the brooket, blooming sweet,
Flying from some tower or spire;
Leading army, leading fleet,
Thru the foeman's hottest fire.
Bringing trains to halt complete;
Helping you across the mire;
Tho with uses I'm replete,
Yet, whate'er I do, I tire.

Four Word Square.

84—1. A decree.
2. A piece of land surrounded by water.
3. A range of lofty mountains.
4. A trial.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

77—Charade.

Co-nun-drum.

78—Birds and Fruits.

1. Swallow. 2. Wren. 3. Partridge. 4. Ducks. 5. Parrot. 6. Kingfisher.

Fruits: 1. Orange. 2. Pine (apple). 3. Peach. 4. Greengage. 5. Currant. 6. Pear. 7. Gooseberry.

79—Pyramid.

P
T E N
T A C I T
M A N A G E R
D E P E N D E N T

80—Riddle.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday.

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

DISCOVERED

New Way To Wash Clothes

Kansas City lady does week's wash in 15 minutes. No labor—no boiling—no rubbing. Finished before breakfast. She'll tell you how free. Just send your name and address to Mrs. Reefer, Room 3535, 1516 Grand avenue, Kansas City, Mo. —Advertisement.

The STRANGE CASE of CAVENDISH

By RANDALL PARRISH

"Are You Sure," He Said to Cavendish, "That the Dead Man Is Your Cousin? The Face and Chest Are Pretty Badly Burned, You Know, and I Thought Perhaps——"

A Laugh From the Detectives Silenced Him, While Cavendish Ended Any Fleeting Doubts With a Contemptuous Gaze.

FOR the second time that night Frederick Cavendish, sitting at a small table in a busy cafe where the night life of the city streamed continually in and out, regarded the telegram spread out upon the white napery. It read:

Bear Creek, Colorado,
4—2—15.

Frederick Cavendish,
College Club,
New York City.

Found big lead; lost it again. Need you badly.
WESTCOTT.

For the second time that night, too, a picture rose before him, a picture of great plains, towering mountains, and open spaces that spoke the freedom and health of outdoor living. He had known that life once before when he and Jim Westcott had prospected and hit the trail together, and its appeal to him now after three years of shallow sighseeing in he city was deeper than ever.

"Good old Jim," he murmured, "struck pay-dirt at last only to lose it and he needs me. By George, I think I'll go."

And why should he not? Only 29, he could still afford to spend a few years in search of living. His fortune left him at the death of his father was safely invested, and he had no close friends in the city and no relatives, except a cousin, John Cavendish, for whom he held no love, and little regard.

He had almost determined upon going to Bear Creek to meet Westcott and was calling for his check when his attention was arrested by a noisy party of four that boisterously took seats at a nearby table. Cavendish recognized the two women as members of the chorus of the prevailing Revue, one of them Celeste La Rue, an aggressive blonde with thin lips and a metallic voice, whose name was synonymous with midnight escapades and flowing wine. His contemptuous smile at the sight of them deepened into a disgusted sneer when he saw that one of the men was John Cavendish, his cousin.

The two men's eyes met, and the younger, a slight, mild-eyed youth with a listless chin, excused himself and presented himself at the elder's table.

"Won't you join us?" he said nervously.

Frederick Cavendish's trim, bearded jaw tightened and he shook his head. "They are not my people," he said shortly, then retreating, begged, "John, when are you going to cut that sort out?"

"You make me weary!" the boy snapped. "It's easy enough for you to talk when you've got all the money—that gives you an excuse to read me moral homilies every time I ask you for a dollar, but Miss La Rue is as good as any of your friends any day."

The other controlled himself. "What is it you want?" he demanded directly: "Money? If so, how much?"

"A hundred will do," the younger man said eagerly. "I lost a little on cards lately, and have to borrow. Tonight I met the girl——"

Frederick Cavendish silenced him and tendered him the bills. "Now," he said gravely, "this is the last, unless—unless you cut out such people as Celeste La Rue and others that you train with. I'm tired of paying bills for your inane extravagances and parties. I can curtail your income and what's more, I will unless you change."

"Cut me off?" The younger Cavendish's voice took on an incredulous note.

The other nodded. "Just that," he said. "You've reached the limit."

For a moment the dissipated youth surveyed his cousin, then an angry flush mounted into his pasty face.

"You—you—" he stuttered, "—you go to hell."

Without another word the elderly Cavendish summoned the waiter, paid the bill, and walked toward the door. John stared after him, a smile of derision on his face. He had heard Cavendish threaten before.

"Your cousin seemed peeved," suggested Miss La Rue.

"It's his nature," explained John. "Got sore because I asked him for a mere hundred and threatened to cut off my income unless I quit you two."

"You told him where to go," Miss La Rue said, laughing. "I heard you, but I don't suppose he'll go—he doesn't look like that kind."

"Anyhow, I told him," laughed John; then producing a large bill, cried: "Drink up, people, they're on me—and goody-goody cousin, Fred."

WHEN Frederick Cavendish reached the street and the fresh night air raced thru his lungs he came to a sudden realization and then a resolution. The realization was that since further pleading would avail nothing with John Cavendish, he needed a lesson. The resolution was to give it to him. Both strengthened his previous half-hearted desire to meet Westcott, into determination.

He turned the matter over in his mind as he walked along until reflection was ended by the doors of the College Club which appeared abruptly and took him in their swinging circle. He went immediately to the writing-room, laid aside his things and sat down. The first thing to do, he decided, was to obtain an attorney and consult him regarding the proper steps. For no other reason than that they had met occasionally in the corridor he thought of Patrick Enright, a heavy-set man with a loud voice and given to wearing expensive clothes.

Calling a page boy, he asked that Enright be located if possible. During the ensuing wait he outlined on a scrap of paper what he proposed doing. Fifteen minutes passed before Enright, suave and apparently young except for growing baldness, appeared.

"I take it you are Mr. Cavendish," he said, advancing, "and that you are in immediate need of an attorney's counsel."

Cavendish nodded, shook hands, and motioned him into a chair. "I have been called suddenly out of town, Mr. Enright," he explained, "and for certain reasons which need not be disclosed I deem it necessary to execute a will. I am the only son of the late William Huntington Cavendish; also his sole heir, and in the event of my death without a will, the property would descend to my only known relative, a cousin."

"His name?" Mr. Enright asked.

"John Cavendish."

The lawyer nodded. Of Young Cavendish he evi-

dently knew, by reputation if not intimately.

"Because of his dissolute habits I have decided to dispose of a large portion of my estate elsewhere in case of my early death. I have here a rough draft of what I want done." He showed the paper. "All that I require is that it be transposed into legal form."

Enright took the paper and read it carefully. The bulk of the one million dollar Cavendish estate was willed to charitable organizations, and a small allowance, a mere pittance, was provided for John Cavendish. After a few inquiries the attorney said sharply: "You want this transcribed immediately?"

Cavendish nodded.

"Since it can be made brief I may possibly be able to do it on the girl's machine in the office. You do not mind waiting a moment?"

Cavendish shook his head, and rising, the attorney disappeared in the direction of the office. Cavendish heaved a sigh of relief; now he was free, absolutely free, to do as he chose. His disappearance would mean nothing to his small circle of casual friends, and when he was settled elsewhere he could notify the only two men who were concerned with his whereabouts—his valet, Valois, and the agent handling the estate. He thought of beginning a letter to John, but hesitated, and when Enright returned he found him with pen in hand.

"A trifling task," the attorney smiled easily. "All ready for your signature, too. You sign there, the second line. But wait—we must have witnesses."

Simms, the butler, and the doorman were called in and wrote their names to the document and then withdrew, after which Enright began folding it carefully.

"I presume you leave this in may care?" he asked shortly.

Cavendish shook his head: "I think not. I prefer holding it myself in case it is needed suddenly. I shall keep my rooms, and my man Valois will remain there indefinitely. Now as to your charges."

A nominal sum was named and paid, after which Cavendish rose, picked up his hat and stick and turned to Enright.

"You have obliged me greatly," he smiled, "and, of course, the transaction will be considered as strictly confidential." And then seeing Enright's nod bade him a courteous "Good night."

The attorney watched him disappear. Suddenly he struck the table with one hand.

"By God!" he muttered, "I'll have to see this thing a little further."

Wheeling suddenly, he walked to a telephone booth, called a number and waited impatiently several moments before he said in intense subdued tones: "Is this Carlton's Cafe? Give me Jackson, the head-waiter. Jackson, Mr. Cavendish—John Cavendish—there? Good! Call him to the phone will you, Jackson? It's important."

CHAPTER II.

THE BODY ON THE FLOOR.

THE early light of dawn stealing in faintly thru the spider-web of the fire-escape ladder, found a partially open window on the third floor of the Waldron apartments, and began slowly to brighten the walls of the room within. There were no curtains on this window as upon the others, and the growing radiance streamed in revealing the whole interior. It was a large apartment, furnished soberly and in excellent taste as either lounging-room or library, the carpet a dark green, the walls delicately tinted, bearing a few rare prints rather somberly framed, and containing a few upholstered chairs; a massive sofa, and a library table bearing upon it a stack of magazines.

Its tenant evidently was of artistic leanings for about the room were several large bronze candlesticks filled with partially burned tapers. A low bookcase extended along two sides of the room, each shelf filled, and at the end of the cases a heavy imported drapery drawn slightly aside revealed the entrance to a sleeping apartment, the bed's snowy covering unruffled. Wealth, taste and comfort were everywhere manifest.

Yet, as the light lengthened, the surroundings evidenced disorder. One chair lay overturned, a porcelain vase had fallen from off the table-top to the floor and scattered into fragments. A few magazines had fallen also, and there were miscellaneous

Disheartened He Turned From the Pane and Was About to Move Away, When He Came Face to Face With a Trim Young Woman in a Smart Blue Serge.

papers scattered about the carpet, one or two of them torn as tho jerked open by an impatient hand. Still others lying near the table disclosed corners charred by fire, and as an eddy of wind whisked thru the window and along the floor it tumbled brown ashes along with it, at the same time diluting the faint odor of smoke that clung to the room.

Back of the table a small safe embedded in the wall stood with its door wide open, its inner drawer splintered as with a knife blade and hanging half out, and below it a riffle of papers, many of them apparently legal documents.

But the one object across which the golden beams of light fell as tho in soft caress was the motionless figure of a man lying upon his back beside the table near the drapeless window. Across his face and shoulders were the charred remains of what undoubtedly had been curtains on that window. A three-socketed candle-stick filled with partially burned candles which doubtless had been knocked from the table was mute evidence of how the tiny flame had started upon its short march. As to the man's injuries, a blow from behind had evidently crushed his skull and, tho the face was seared and burned, tho the curtain's partial ashes covered more than a half of it, tho the eye-lashes above the sightless eyes were singed and the trim beard burned to black stubs, the face gave mute evidence of being that of Frederick Cavendish.

In this grim scene a tiny clock on the mantel began pealing the hour of eight. As tho this were a signal for entrance, the door at the end of the bookcase opened noiselessly and a man, smooth faced, his hair brushed low across his forehead, stepped quietly in. As his eyes surveyed the grewsome object by the table, they dilated with horror; then his whole body stiffened and he fled back into the hall, crashing the door behind him.

Ten minutes later he returned, not alone, however. This time his companion was John Cavendish, but partially dressed, his features white and haggard.

With nervous hands he pushed open the door. At the sight of the body he trembled a moment, then, mastering himself, strode over and touched the dead face, the other meanwhile edging into the room.

"Dead, sir, really dead?" the late comer asked.

Cavendish nodded: "For several hours," he answered in an unnatural voice. "He must have been struck from behind. Robbery evidently was the object—cold-blooded robbery."

"The window is open, sir, and last night at twenty minutes after twelve I locked it. Mr. Cavendish came in at 12 and locking the window was the last thing I did before he told me I could go."

"He left no word for a morning call?"

Valois shook his head: "I always bring his breakfast at 8," he explained.

"Did he say anything about suddenly leaving the city for a trip West? I heard such a rumor."

"No, sir. He was still up when I left and had taken some papers from his pocket. When last I saw him he was looking at them. He seemed irritated."

There was a moment's silence, during which the flush returned to Cavendish's cheeks, but his hands still trembled.

"You heard nothing during the night?" he demanded.

"Nothing, sir. I swear I knew nothing until I opened the door and saw the body a few moments ago."

"You'd better stick to your story, Valois," the other said sternly. "The police will be here shortly. I'm going to call them, now."

He was calm, efficient, self-contained now as he got Central Station on the wire and began talking.

"Hello, lieutenant? Yes. This is John Cavendish of the Waldron apartments speaking. My cousin, Frederick Cavendish, has been found dead in his room and his safe rifled. Nothing has been distrubed. Yes, at the Waldron, Fifty-Seventh street. Please hurry."

Perhaps half an hour later the police came—two bull-necked plain-clothes men and a flannel-mouthed "cop."

With them came three reporters, one of them a woman. She was a young woman plainly dressed and, tho she could not be called beautiful, there was a certain patrician prettiness in her small, oval, womanly face with its gray kind eyes, its aquiline nose, its firm lips and determined jaw, a certain

charm in the manner in which her chestnut hair escaped occasionally from under her trim hat. Young, aggressive, keen of mind and tireless, Stella Donovan was one of the few good woman reporters of the city and the only one the Star kept upon its pinched pay-roll. They did so because she could cover a man-size job and get a feminine touch into her story after she did it. And, tho her customary assignments were "sob" stories, divorces, society events and the tracking down of succulent bits of general scandal, she nevertheless enjoyed being upon the scene of the murder even tho she was not assigned to it. This casual duty was for Willis, the Star's "police" man, who had dragged her along with him for momentary company over her protest that she must get a "yarn" concerning juvenile prisoners for the Sunday edition.

"Now, we'll put 'em on the rack." Willis smiled as he left her side and joined the detectives.

A flood of questions from the officers, interspersed frequently with a number from Willis, and occasionally one from the youthful Chronicle man, came down upon Valois and John Cavendish, while Miss Donovan, silent and watchful, stood back, frequently letting her eyes admire the tasteful prints upon the walls and the rich hangings in the room of death.

Valois repeated his experience, which was corroborated in part by the testimony of John Cavendish's valet whom he had met and talked with in the hall. The valet also testified that his employer, John Cavendish, had come home not later than 12 o'clock and immediately retired. Then John Cavendish established the fact that ten minutes before arriving home he had dropped Celeste La Rue at her apartment. There was no flaw in any of the stories to which the inquisitors could attach suspicion. One thing alone seemed to irritate Willis.

"Are you sure," he said to Cavendish, "that the dead man is your cousin? The face and chest are pretty badly burned you know, and I thought perhaps——"

A laugh from the detectives silenced him while Cavendish ended any fleeting doubts with a contemptuous gaze.

"You can't fool a man on his own cousin, youngster," he said flatly. "The idea is absurd."

The crime unquestionably was an outside job; the window opening on the fire-escape had been jimmied, the marks left being clearly visible. Apparently Frederick Cavendish had previously opened the safe door—since it presented no evidence of being tampered with—and was examining certain papers on the table, when the intruder had stolen up from behind and dealt him a heavy blow probably, from the nature of the wound, using a piece of lead pipe. Perhaps in falling Cavendish's arm had caught in the curtains, pulling them from the supporting rod and dragging them across the table, thus sweeping the candlestick with its lighted tapers down to the floor with it. There the extinguished wicks had ignited the draperies, which had fallen across the stricken man's face and body. The clothes, torso, and legs, had been charred beyond recognition, but the face, by some peculiar whim of fate, had been partly preserved.

The marauder, aware that the flames would obliterate a portion, if not all of the evidence against him, had rifled the safe in which, John testified, his cousin always kept considerable money. Scattering broadcast valueless papers, he had safely made his escape thru the window, leaving his victim's face to the licking flames. Footprints below the window at the base of the fire-escape indicated that the fugitive had returned that way. This was the sum of the evidence, circumstantial and true, that was advanced. Satisfied that nothing else was to be learned, the officers, detectives, Willis, and Miss Donovan and the pale Chronicle youth withdrew, leaving the officer on guard.

The same day, young John, eager to be away from the scene, moved his belongings to the Fairmount Hotel, and, since no will was found in the dead man's papers, the entire estate came to him, as next of kin. A day or two later the body was interred in the family lot beside the father's grave, and the night of the funeral young John Cavendish dined at an out-of-the-way road-house with a blonde with a hard metallic voice. Her name was Miss Celeste La Rue.

And the day following he discharged Francois Valois without apparent cause, in a sudden burst of temper. So, seemingly, the curtain fell on the last act of the play.

CHAPTER III.

MR. ENRIGHT DECLARES HIMSELF.

ONE month after the Cavendish murder and two days after he had dispatched a casual, courteous note to John Cavendish requesting that he call, Mr. Patrick Enright, of Enright and Dougherty, sat in his private office on the top floor of the Collander Building in Cortland street waiting for the youth's appearance. Since young Cavendish had consulted him before in minor matters, Mr. Enright had expected that he would call voluntarily soon after the murder, but in this he was disappointed. Realizing that Broadway was very dear to the young man, Enright had made allowances, until, weary of waiting, he decided to get into the game himself and to this end had despatched the note, to which Cavendish had replied both by telephone and note.

"He ought to be here now," murmured Mr. Enright sweetly, looking at his watch, and soon the expected visitor was ushered in. Arising to his feet the attorney extended a moist, pudgy hand.

"Quite prompt, John," he greeted. "Take the chair there—and pardon me a moment."

As the youth complied Enright opened the door, glanced into the outer room, and gave orders not to be dsiturbed for the next half-hour. Then, drawing in his head, closed the door, turned the key and took a chair at his desk.

Slapping His Feet to the Floor He Turned to Confront Willis and Miss Donovan.

"John," he resumed smoothly, "I have been somewhat surprised that you failed to consult me earlier regarding the will of your late cousin Frederick."

"His—his will!" John leaned forward amazed, as he stared into the other's expressionless face. "Did—did he leave one?"

"Oh! that's it," the attorney chuckled. "You didn't know about it, did you? How odd. I thought I informed you of the fact over the phone the same night Frederick died."

"You told me he had called upon you to prepare a will—but there was none found in his papers."

"So I inferred from the newspaper accounts," Enright chuckled dryly, his eyes narrowing, "as well as the information that you had applied for letters of administration. In view of that, I thought a little chat advisable—yes, quite advisable, since on the night of his death I did draw up his will. Incidentally, I am the only one living aware that such a will was drawn. You see my position?"

Young Cavendish didn't; this was all strange, confusing.

"The will," resumed Mr. Enright, "was drawn in proper form and duly witnessed."

"There can't be such a will. None was found. You phoned me shortly before midnight, and twenty minutes later Frederick was in his apartments. He had no time to deposit it elsewhere. There is so such will."

Enright smiled, not pleasantly by any means.

"Possibly not," he said with quiet sinister gravity. "It was probably destroyed and it was to gain possession of that will that Frederick Cavendish was killed."

John leaped to his feet, his face bloodless: "My God!" he muttered aghast, "do you mean to say——"

"Sit down, John; this is no cause for quarrel. Now listen. I am not accusing you of crime; not intentional crime, at least. There is no reason why you should not naturally have desired to gain possession of the will. If an accident happened, that was your misfortune. I merely mention these things because I am your friend. Such friendship leads me first to inform you what had happened over the phone. I realized that Frederick's hasty determination to devise his property elsewhere was the result of a quarrel. I believed it my duty to give you opportunity to patch that quarrel up with the least possible delay. Perhaps this was not entirely professional on my part, but the claims of friendship are paramount to mere professional ethics."

He sighed, clasping and unclasping his hands, yet with eyes steadily fixed upon Cavendish, who had sunk back into his chair.

"Now consider the situation, my dear fellow. I have, it is true, performed an unprofessional act which, if known would expose me to severe criticism. There is, however, no taint of criminal intent about my conduct and, no doubt, my course would be fully vindicated, were I now to go directly before the court and testify to the existence of a will."

"But that could not be proved. You have already stated that Frederick took the will with him; it has never been found."

"Quite true—or rather, it may have been found, and destroyed. It chances, however, that I took the precaution to make a carbon copy."

"Unsigned?"

"Yes, but along with this unsigned copy I also retain the original memoranda furnished me in Frederick Cavendish's own handwriting. I believe, from a legal standpoint, by the aid of my evidence, the court would be very apt to hold such a will proved."

He leaned suddenly forward, facing the shrinking Cavendish and bringing his hand down hard upon the desk.

"Do you percive now what this will means? Do you realize where such testimony would place you? Under the law, providing he died without a will, you were the sole heir to the property of Frederick Cavendish. It was widely known you were not on friendly terms. The evening of his death you quarreled openly in a public restaurant. Later, in a spirit of friendship, I called you up and said he had made a will practically disinheriting you. Between that time and the next morning he is murdered in his own apartments, his safe rifled, and yet, the only paper missing is this will, to the existence of which I can testify. If suspicion is once cast upon you, how can you clear yourself? Can you prove that you were in your own apartments, asleep in your own bed from 1 o'clock until 8? Answer that."

Cavendish tried, but alto his lips moved, they gave utterance to no sound, He could but stare into those eyes confronting him. Enright scarcely gave him opportunity.

"So, the words won't come. I thought not. Now listen. I am not that kind of a man and I have kept still. No living person—not even my partner—has been informed of what has occurred. The witnesses, I am sure, do not know the nature of the paper they signed. I am a lawyer; I realize fully the relations I hold to my client, but in this particular case I contend that my duty as a man is of more importance than any professional ethics. Frederick Cavendish had this will executed in a moment of anger and devised his estate to a number of charities. I personally believe he was not in normal mind and that the will did not really reflect his purpose. He had no thought of immediate death, but merely desired to teach you a lesson. He proposed to disappear—or at least, that is my theory—in order that he might test you on a slender income. I am able to look upon the whole matter from this standpoint, and base my conduct accordingly. No doubt this will enable us to arrive at a perfectly satisfactory understanding."

The lawyer's voice had fallen, all the threat gone, and the younger man straightened in his chair.

"You mean you will maintain silence as to the will?"

"Absolutely; as a client your interests will always be my first concern. Of course, I shall expect to represent you in a legal capacity in settling up the estate, and consequently feel it only just that the compensation for such services shall be mutually agreed upon. In this case there are many interests to guard. Knowning, as I do, all the essential facts, I am naturally better prepared to conserve your interests than any stranger. I hope you appreciate this."

"And your fee?"

"Reasonable, very reasonable, when you consider the service I am doing you, and the fact that my professional reputation might so easily be involved and the sums to be disturbed, which amount to more than a million dollars. My silence, my permitting the estate to go to settlement, and my legal services combined, ought to be held as rather valuable—at, let us say, a hundred thousand. Yes, a hundred thousand. I hardly think that is unfair."

Cavendish leaped to his feet, his hand gripping his cane.

"You d—d black——"

"Wait!" and Enright arose also. "Not so loud, please; your voice might be heard in the outer office. Besides it might be well for you to be careful of your language. I said my services would cost you a hundred thousand dollars. Take the proposition or leave it, Mr. John Cavendish. Perhaps, with a moment's thought, the sum asked may not seem excessive."

"But—but," the other stammered, all courage leaving him, "I haven't the money."

"Of course not," the threat on Enright's face changing to a smile. "But the prospects that you will have are unusually good. I am quite willing to speculate on your fortunes. A memoranda for legal services due one year from date—such as I have already drawn up—and bearing your signature, will be quite satisfactory. Glance over the items, please; yes, sit here at the table. Now, if you will sign that there will be no further cause for you to feel any uneasiness—this line, please."

Cavendish grasped the penholder in his fingers, and signed. It was the act of a man dazed, half stupefied, unable to control his actions. With trembling hand, and white face, he sat staring at the paper, scarcely comprehending its real meaning. In a way it was a confession of guilt, an acknowledgment of his fear of exposure, yet he felt utterly incapable of resistence. Enright unlocked the door, and projected his head outside, comprehending clearly that the proper time to strike was while the iron was hot.

Calling Miss Healy, one of his stenographers, he made her an official witness to the document and the signature of John Cavendish.

Not until ten minutes later when he was on the street did it occur to John

(Continued on Page 13.)

Concluding the OCEAN LINER MYSTERY Which Took Place

Aboard the Carania

By J. C. Kofoed

Read This and Finish the Story

JUSTIN M'KIM sailed for Europe on the ocean liner Carania. He was custodian of eight hundred thousand dollars in "Commercial Ship" bonds being sent abroad for negotiations in Paris or other European capitals. He was accompanied by

CARNAHAN COLE, a detective who had served him and the "Commercial Ship" promoters on other occasions. The only other person aboard the Carania who knew of the bonds was

MARTIN CORBETT, an intimate friend of McKim, who had been invited to accompany him on his trip, and who soon discovered that Celia Lord, "the girl of his heart," was also among the Carania's passengers, as were

PRINCE BORIS PROTOPOPOFF, a Russian, and **DOCTOR JOHANN KLOPP,** a German, two foreigners, not wholly unknown in business and diplomatic circles, in America as well as abroad. The Carania was not far on her trip when Justin McKim was found murdered in his stateroom. Some one had pierced his head with a small needle-like instrument and stolen the bonds.

CAPTAIN M'LEOD, commander of the ship, formerly skipper of the sunken liner, the John McBethport, summoned all suspected or interested parties to his investigation, and all but Celia offered convincing alibis. She had been detected with the bonds in her possession, but set up the claim that she had found them in Protopopoff's stateroom. She then confessed that she was traveling under the name of Harriet Southwick, but was really an agent of the United States Secret Service Department. Her father, Robert Lord, had been financially ruined by the original promoters of "Commercial Ship" bonds. However, Captain McLeod soon produced a wireless report from the Department that no such person as Harriet Southwick was in its service, and the captain was asked to hold her as an impostor.

V.

I AWOKE with a start; some one was knocking at the door. As I sat up in bed I thought of the surprising incidents that had happened in this very room so short a time ago. The clock showed it to be only 6 o'clock. It was two hours since Captain McLeod's statement had caused Carnahan Cole to place Celia under arrest, and have a guard placed at the door of her stateroom. Every indication pointed to her as the person who had committed the crime, but it was circumstantial evidence—every jot and tittle of it—and I was as confident as ever in my sweetheart's innocence. There was nothing I could do then, so I had sought a little sleep, that I might be in better shape to take up the battle next day.

The knocking on the door sounded again, insistently.

"All right," I called, throwing on a bathrobe, and finding my slippers. Thru the porthole I could see the gray dawn, and the heavy sea.

I tied the belt of the robe, and opened the door, and in the semi-obscurity of the corridor waited a steward.

"I'm sorry to wake you, sir," he said, "but there is to be a conference in the captains cabin at 7; most important, Mr. Cole said, sir. He thought it best that you be notified in time for you to have breakfast. Do you want it served here, sir?"

I had no appetite worth speaking of, so I told him that I did not care for breakfast. However, I knew that if I went back to bed I was certain to oversleep, so I dressed, donned boots and a heavy raincoat, and went up on deck.

We were still in the midst of the storm. The funnel smoke blew low, burying the afterdeck, and a hurricane of scud and spindrift swept everything forward, drenching the plunging steamer to the bridge. Stanchions, davits, hatches were all adrift, decks a-wash. The gray fog of dawn was almost as impalpable as night.

The cold, wet air drove the sleep from my eyes. I stood in the shelter of a hatch, thinking. Yesterday, at this time, Justin McKim was alive, and not a person now aboard the Carania had the guilt of that murder on his soul. Now McKim was dead, and the girl I loved stood under the shadow of suspicion.

I tried to reconstruct the crime as I thought it had been committed. Our stateroom was number one on the corridor leading to the wardroom. Protopopoff's was five. Klopp had stateroom two on the port-side, and Celia's was six. The old maid sisters from Keokuk were, of course, out of the question, and so was the soup-gargling motion picture producer. Neither of the old ladies could have consciously killed a mouse, and as for the fat man, he was too clumsy for anything of that sort even if he had a motive, which he didn't.

Then he went into Protopopoff's room, and hid the loot under the bed. Under any circumstances this was rather puzzling. If the Russian actually was the murderer he would—if he lived up to Carnahan Cole's estimate of him—have secreted the bonds somewhere else, and not have trusted to such an obvious hiding place. In another than Protopopoff was guilty, why had he hidden the bonds under Prince Boris' bed? I could think of no logical explanation that would fit the facts, unless Cole was right, and the robbery had been committed as a blind.

My thoughts reverted to Celia with a little throb of terror. She was in an awkward position. Why had she passed herself off as an agent of the Department of Justice, unless it was to throw Cole off the track when he found her in our stateroom with the bonds? But, then, if she was guilty, it was inconceivable that she would walk so stupidly into our hands. Oh, the whole affair was a frightful mess.

It was dark and cold up there on deck. I had just decided to go below and warm myself with a cup of coffee when some one leaped down off the hatchway onto my shoulders. A thick set of fingers was buried in my throat. The attack was so violent and unexpected that it threw me to my knees on the slippery deck. However, I had not neglected my athletics since leaving Yale. My muscles were hard and my wind at its best. I twisted around, and tore those fingers from my throat. We fought and thrashed about, drenched with the water tumbling over the decks.

My raincoat was at once a hindrance and a help, for, tho it prevented free movement on my part, it kept my opponent from getting a good grip on me. I tried to get a glimpse of his features, but failed. His breath was rasping on my cheek, but it was almost dark, and he had a handkerchief knotted across the lower part of his face, so I saw nothing that aided me in identifying him. He was enormously strong. I could feel the surge of his muscles as we wrestled there chest to chest.

Once we slid to the rail. I felt it pressing into my back. My assailant strove desperately to lift me and throw me over, but I fought back like a wild cat, and he failed. Then a lurch of the ship threw us back toward the hatchway, and his chance was gone. He fought silently and desperately, as tho his life hung in the balance, and I responded with every ounce of my own strength. That this man in my embrace was the murderer of Justin McKim I did not doubt for an instant, and it maddened me that I could not find out who he was. At least, I was determined that he should be caught, and I lifted my voice in a strident cry for help.

That frightened him. He tried to get away, but I hung on like a leech. Then he struck me a terrible blow in the face that knocked me, dazed, against the hatch. Everything went black before my eyes, and my assailant tore himself loose and fled. A moment later Captain McLeod and several sailors came running up.

The skipper assisted me down to his cabin, helped me off with my raincoat, and gave me a generous glass of brandy. My one eye was swollen almost shut, and my hands were rather badly skinned. While I was disposing of the brandy I gave him a brief account of what had occurred. It set him in a towering rage.

"We've got to get that fellow," he bellowed. "Nothing like this has happened on any of my ships before, and I'm d—d if it's going to keep up aboard the Carania! You should have been able to see something of him. Who do you think he is?"

"I haven't the faintest idea. There is only one thing I am positive of, and that is my assailant is also the murderer of Justin McKim."

McLeod looked at me curiously. "Why, I thought that it had been pretty definitely settled that Miss Lord is the person responsible for his death. Mr. Cole seems——"

"I don't give a fig for what Mr. Cole thinks," I said positively. "Celia is innocent, and I intend proving it. The way I have this assault on me figured out is that the murderer is afraid I know something—or will learn something—that will implicate him. My assailant wasn't Celia, of course, and he wasn't Klopp——"

"Protopopoff?"

"I can't say. Who else would the fellow be but the murderer of Justin McKim, anyway? I haven't any enemies who might wish to do me harm unless they thought I might know something detrimental to them."

The skipper nodded.

I rose, wandering restlessly about the cabin. There was a statue of Neptune on his desk, a rather battered ornament, with only two prongs on the stiffly held trident. I fingered it carelessly while I spoke.

"I want your help in proving Celia's innocence, Captain," I said. "Why, it's more likely that Carnahan Cole or I did it than she."

"Cole!" McLeod slammed his big fist down on the desk. "I know you didn't do it, Mr. Corbett, for, tho you found the body, you've accounted for every minute of time while the murder was supposed to have occurred. But Cole, now! He has been blasted anxious to get the noose around some one's neck, and he hasn't given any account of himself . . ."

A peculiar sensation stirred within me. I stroked Neptune's metal locks and said: "I can hardly believe that Cole did this—it seems impossible, but conditions are such that we can't overlook a thing. I'm going to conduct a little investigation on my own account, so don't say anything to Carnahan Cole."

"Right!" said Captain McLeod. "You've got the freedom of the ship. Do as you like."

The first thing I did was to go down to Celia's stateroom.

A Thick Set of Fingers Was Buried in My Throat.

VI.

CAPTAIN M'LEOD sent his executive officer, Mr. Harrison, down with me so I would have no trouble with the guard. Celia was up, and dressed. She flung herself into my arms with a little sob of relief, and for five minutes or so there was no talk of the murder. We just talked—about ourselves.

Then, inevitably, we drifted back to the subject that enveloped our thoughts. I told her of Captain McLeod's suspicion concerning Carnahan Cole. Under ordinary conditions such an idea verged on the abnormal, but now. . . . Well, one suspicion was as good as another.

Celia had not lost her head under the strain of the night's exciting events. She thought as clearly as tho she were a spectator of this human little melodrama rather than a deeply involved participant. She explained to me the reason for her appearance on the Carania.

"I've decided that this isn't a one-man affair, Martin," she declared. "It couldn't be. They must have planned blaming the murder on me, for that wireless message was absolutely false. I really am a special agent of the Department of Justice. Chief Holliday is a sort of second cousin seven times removed, and he made a place for me. I operated under the name of Miss Winton."

"Just now," I said, holding her a little tighter in my arms, "I want you to give all your attention to me. You'll be able to prove that you are a secret service agent when you get back to New York, but that won't lift you above a murder charge. It naturally passes the buck to me to see that you are cleared. As a husband has more rights in such a matter than a mere sweetheart, we'll have to get married now."

"Right away?" she whispered, her cheek again my coat lapel.

"Within fifteen minutes," I said sternly. "There is a perfectly nice little country minister in the second cabin. I'll look him up right away. Mr. Harrison will act as best man, I guess . . . and, who do you want for your bridesmaid?"

Celia blushed. "I'll ask one of those funny little sisters from Keokuk; I never can remember their names."

So, while my sweetheart changed her clothes and sent for the little old maids, I made arrangements with the clergyman and Mr. Harrison, and with Captain McLeod for the use of the wardroom. Afterward I dropped in at the wireless house for a five-minute talk with the operator.

It was just ten minutes to 7, and the wintery gray light of dawn reflected from a grayer sea, splashed the wardroom's portholes when Celia and I were married. The few passengers who arose that early in the morning gathered, under the impression, possibly, that we had gone suddenly insane. Certainly it was not the sort of wedding I had pictured—the swaying floor on which a sleepy little clergyman could scarcely keep a footing; a leathery-skinned sailor for a best man, and a spinster from Keokuk, Iowa, who wore bangs, as Celia's bridesmaid. Yet, it was just as binding as tho we had been married at high noon in St. Paul's, with a detail of traffic men to keep back the curious, and a wedding breakfast at the Ritz afterward.

Carnahan Cole came in toward the fag

(Continued on Page 15.)

A Story of the Brave Men Who Help Preserve Our Forests

The Fire Ranger of Summit Peak

By Earl H. Emmons

What Has Gone Before

BUCK RADER, Forest Ranger in charge of Summit Peak Station, having been transferred from the Appalachians and White Mountains to the Western Reserves under Supervisor Jim Conroy, altho being a graduate of an Iowa college, was somewhat of a "tenderfoot" among his comrades of the Western ranges. But under him on Summit Peak, where a constant lookout was kept for fires and illegal encroachments upon Uncle Sam's reforested districts, was one

HARMONICA DUNNE, a loquacious fire guard who was a live wire in all matters pertaining to forest protection—from the fire fiend as well as well as from the depredations of various human law-breakers, of whom

JESS PRINGLE ("Black Jess"), owner of a sheep ranch, was not the smallest offender among those who infringed upon the Government's tracts and regulations. An then there was

CAL HAWKINS, Pringle's sheep herder, a quaint and sly old offender who, if anything, was even trickier than his master.

SUPERVISOR JIM CONROY suspected that Pringle was grazing large numbers of sheep on Bob-cat Burn, near his ranch, which had been set out with young pine sprouts, and imparted his fears to Buck Rader, who, during a heated interview at the supervisor's office, warned Pringle to cease his exploits in that direction, if he was guilty of them. Pringle, retaliating, intimated that if Rader ever came nosing into his business, anywhere outside of his official boundaries, he would be pretty apt to get a bullet for his pains. "And I am a sure shot," said the ranchman, on departing. Buck confided to his superior that he, himself was not, but he'd take all chances to bring Pringle to book if his depredations continued.

While over at Bob-cat Burn, in answer to a telephone call from one Driscoll, who said sheep were again destroying the young pines, Buck got a bullet in his back. The shot came from ambush. He dropped from his horse and fell unconscious beneath a tree. He came to in bed, in his own room, with a beautiful young woman, whom he had seen once before at a distance, attending him, assisted by Harmonica Dunne. The girl had found him and brought him to the Peak on her own horse. The phone call was a lure, Harmonica argued, as there was no ranger or fire guard named Driscoll. "And this dame," said Harmonica, alluding to Rader's charming nurse, "ain't Pringle's wife—she's his sister."

KATE PRINGLE, the ranchman's sister, as Harmonica well knew, came many times to cheer and minister to the young ranger, who in five weeks was about recovered, as well as deeply in love with his charming nurse, but the girl couldn't encourage Buck's suit because she knew her brother—Black Jess—had fired the shot that had laid him low.

Fully recovered and himself again, Buck trailed a lone Indian whose moccasined footsteps he had discovered, and overtaking him, the redskin, after much palavering, let out an Iowa college yell and mystified the ranger by striking a defiant attitude, as if to invite a tussle. Whether a friendly one, or not, the ranger promptly sailed into him—football fashion.

This story began in No. 19, the Ledger for May 7. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

A Man Staggered to His Feet, Swayed a Moment and Sank Out of Sight.

CHAPTER VIII.

THEN with head down and right arm stiffly before him Buck plunged straight at the crouching redskin. The Indian's long arms reached out toward the flying ranger. Buck's open palm met sharply with his opponent's jaw. The Indian was flung aside, but with a catlike movement he twisted his body and made a sidewise dive thru the air. His arms trapped the ranger's legs and they crashed to the ground in a tangle of thrashing limbs.

"You know you never could get past me, Buck," grinned the Indian, when the pair had untangled themselves and their hands were clasped in a firm embrace.

"Pete White!" panted the ranger, "you danged old dog-eater; what are you doing up here?"

"Ah, Voice of the Great White Father," solemnly chanted the Indian, "bringeth not to light my past. No longer am I Pete White, but Chief White Wolf, trespassing on the lands of his pale face brethren."

Both men broke into laughter and at Buck's suggestion seated themselves on a nearby log.

"Danged if the world isn't pretty small after all," quoted the ranger. "Who'd ever think of finding you up here? What you been doing with yourself the past eight years?"

"Well, you know I had to leave the 'varsity in my third year," replied White Wolf, "and since then I have been busy with my people and spending half of my time traveling between the Ridge and Washington—to see the Great Father."

"Me savvy," laughed Buck, "that story then about you being a hereditary chief was true, after all."

"Yes, I had to leave the old alma mater when my father died and take up the reins of government. What have you been doing?"

"Oh, I finished up at Ames," replied the ranger. "Then I went back and joined up with the Forest Service in my home State. Worked all over Appalachians and White mountains, then decided to come West and see what they had out here, so got transferred to the Hills.

"I was just out on patrol," he added, "when I came across your tracks and I trailed you around for an hour to find out what particular brand of crime you were up to."

"Too long in the ways of the paleface," sighed White Wolf, "have lessened my cunning. I never thought of covering my tracks. Gee, wish I had known you were behind me. I would have taken you on a worse chase than you led me the time you beat me out in that cross-country run."

"Well, tell me, Pete," said Rader, "what the deuce are you doing down in this God-forsaken neck of the woods, anyway?"

"As chief of my people," replied White Wolf, "I must make an annual visit to the tombs of my forefathers."

"Around here?" asked Rader.

"What you call Funnel Butte," replied the chief. "Our legends say that many years ago a great battle between the Sioux and Cheyennes took place at this spot. Great numbers on both sides were killed, but the Sioux finally triumphed and buried their dead in Funnel Butte. It was said that the spirits of these warriors used to come forth from the top of the funnel and terrify people, so it was called a home of evil spirits and generally avoided, tho for some reason or other the place always has been guarded.

"The task of guarding the Butte was one of such importance that only the chiefs were entrusted with the responsibility. In the old days this was easy, but when the Indians were driven from the Hills in 1877 some new plan had to be adopted so a half-breed of the tribe, whose white blood allowed him to escape from the reservation, was assigned to the post."

"You mean old Jake Rand of Lost Cabin?" exclaimed the ranger.

"Yes, but he was young Jake then. Well, he built his cabin at the foot of the Butte where the spring comes out, got a lease on a few acres of land and proceeded to develop a deep grouch in order to keep people away. Every year the Indians gave him money enough for all his needs and the fact that Jake seldom left his place and never cut a trail gave him the name of a hermit and his place the lost cabin. That's the story as it is generally known among my people."

"What do you mean?" asked the ranger. "Is there another story?"

"Between you and me, Buck, I think there is," replied the Indian. "In the families of the chiefs it has been known that the Butte holds another secret of some sort, but this the chief never told except when on his deathbed. He then told it to his eldest son. When I was called from college by the illness of my father, I found him dead, when I arrived, and the secret of Funnel Butte, which had passed thru so many generations, was dead with him.

"However, I began to try and figure it out. The first thing which struck me was the possibility of the place hiding something besides dead men's bones. You know, the Indians, both the Crows and Cheyennes, who were here before the Sioux, knew of the precious metals and gems in the Hills long before the whites came. My people, also, possess ancient utensils which prove that some time in the past they, too, had taken the treasures from the Hills.

"I began wondering if the Butte might not be a treasure cave instead of a tomb, but I could find no way to enter it. Do you know anything about the Butte, Buck? No? Well, when you stand on top and drop a rock into the crater it takes nearly five seconds for it to hit anything and then you hear it light inside and—splash! That shows nearly a four hundred-foot drop and maybe a bottomless pool when you get there, which practically eliminates the idea of going in from the top. Then, if there is anything inside the funnel, how was it put there?"

"Good Lord, Pete, you've got me. Maybe old man Rand knows."

"No. He knows only the story that all my people know. He thinks it is a sacred spot."

"Well, what do you think?"

"Buck, I think it once was a treasure cave with an opening, maybe a concealed opening, on the west side."

"That's the side you see from the trail," observed the ranger. "Well, if that's right, she sure is concealed all right with about a hundred tons of loose rock pilled up there."

"That's just what I assumed," replied White Wolf. "Outside of the hole in the top there isn't a crack to be found anywhere unless it's under that pile. I figure that the opening is there and that the Indians either caused the slide or it was an accident."

"Well, believe me, Pete, you'll have some job getting at it if it is there," remarked Rader.

"There may be another way," smiled the Indian.

"Why you just said—— Where the deuce——? Well, I don't want to butt it, Pete. You go ahead as far as you like. I'll give you a box of powder if you want it."

"Thanks, Buck, not yet. I want to do some more looking while the men are cutting poles. Maybe I'll find some other way."

"I'll bunk with old Jake while I'm up here."

"Well, I've got to get along, Pete. Come over to my station before you go back."

"Before I returned to my people, oh, paleface, I will visit you."

"Farewell, oh, Eater of the Poodle Kyoodle."

Chief White Wolf, a tender, reminiscent smile on his strong face, stood watching his old friend till he regained the trail and rode away, then he turned and continued his way around the base of the Butte.

In a moment the chief was out of sight and as he passed from view the tall figure of a man stepped from behind a rock not more than twenty feet from where the two friends had sat talking.

Luckily I followed him instead of pluggin' him," he said, "this sounds interestin'."

It was Jesse Pringle.

CHAPTER IX.

THE day following his meeting with Chief White Wolf, Rader rode the trail with Kate Pringle. It was a wonderful day and the ranger had no thoughts for anything but their happiness. The girl, too, seemed less conscious of the shadow which stood between them. Life was a rosy dream in which but they two moved. They so far forgot everything but themselves that together they rode to the very doors of the girl's home. Never before had Rader intruded upon this private and forbidden ground, but wrapped in their own happiness neither of them gave thought to danger.

At the porch the ranger dismounted and as the girl slipped from her mount he caught her in his arms. For a moment they stood thus in an ecstatic embrace. Somewhere in the hazy past the ranger seemed to remember something about being denied his wonder-girl, but it seemed a very small thing, now.

"Why must we wait longer, darling?" he murmured. "Why can't you be mine, now—tomorrow?"

And the girl; she, too, had begun to feel that, after all, their fears were indeed an insignificant matter, compared to their great love.

"Wait—wait until tomorrow, my own," she said. "Tomorrow, I will decide."

The ranger, his heart pounding like a hammer, swung onto his horse and rode slowly homeward, while over the sights of a rifle two gleaming eyes followed his form thru the dusk. Then the gun was lowered. "There's a better way," muttered Pringle with a grim smile.

Rader and Dunne had finished their supper and the ranger was looking over the papers his assistant had that day brought from Sylvan Lake. Dunne had his pet chipmunk perched on his knee,

(Continued on Page 18.)

A Baffling New York Murder Mystery

The Stories in the Case

By Crittenden Marriott

Told in Sixth Installment

Billy and Edith accepted an invitation to visit Bully Carter in his private car, arrived at Gilatex. After Carter had discussed the lodging-house crime, he dwelt at length upon the reluctance of his son to settle down to business and cease to be an idle spendthrift. Carter didn't know that Henry Paull, father of Mary, was his old partner, Henry Powell, he said, and he had sent for Mr. Paull to meet him en route and he requested the Masons to be present at the interview. Billy was delighted to do so. While awaiting Paull's appearance he wrote the story of

"GENTLEMAN JACK" JACKSON,

from facts supplied by Carter, senior, in which the activities of Jackson and Carter's man, Smith, had been directed to break up the relations between Cecil Carter and Mary Paull.

Carter's facts applied mainly to the plottings of Jackson and Smith while in New York, shortly before Nan Wilkins was slain, but now both men were in Texas, and at the present stage of the story it was not improbable, Billy reckoned, that Smith, as well as Cecil and Jackson, were nearing the Jones ranch to meet Mary Paull.

This story began in No. 15, the Ledger for April 9. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN Billy and Edith entered the private car several hours after their arrival in El Paso, they found Bully Carter very different from the genial host who had entertained them that afternoon. Even his dress was different—surprisingly so. "Come in, Mr. Mason. George will give you seats, and I'll ask you to stay in them and not to join in the conversation without a sign from me."

Billy stopped short. "I can't bind myself to any such promise," he said, firmly. "If I stay, I shall consider myself free to join in the talk if I consider it essential for my own protection or that of others."

"Oh! All right! But you're too suspicious by half, Mason. I'm not trying to 'do' you. But have it as you will. Sit down." Carter snapped the words, as he seated himself at the table. "Ask Mr. Paull to come in, George," he ordered.

Paull entered the car timidly and stood for a moment blinking in the bright electric lights. Then his gaze centered on Carter, who, roughly dressed after the manner of a prospector of former days, sat at the table in the center of the car, with the light falling full on his face.

As Paull gazed, perplexity dawned in his eyes. He cleared his throat tentatively, but Carter did not raise his head, and he stood and stared again. Then, suddenly, a wave of emotion swept over his face, and he almost ran forward. "Dave!" he cried. "Dave, old pard! It's you! It's you!"

To his feet jumped Carter, overturning his chair as he did so. Half way he met Paull. "Henry! Henry!" he cried, in his turn. "It is you! It is you!"

Handfasted the two stood, patting each other on the back. No one, however suspicious, who saw that greeting could doubt its genuineness. The emotion shown by the two men could not have been counterfeit; it spoke for itself.

Paull, oddly enough, was the first to come back to present-day affairs. "I've got to meet Mr. Kinsey of the Latinum company, David," he said. "Is he——"

Carter laughed. "Never mind about Kinsey," he said. "Let Kinsey go for the moment. Come sit down and tell me where you've been all these years."

The old man started. "Years?" he repeated. "Years? . . . Yes! I reckon it has been years sure enough—but, Dave, I've just got to see Mr. Kinsey. He wired me to meet him here and——"

"That's all right, Henry. Kinsey isn't here yet. I'm representing him, anyway. So don't worry. Come, sit down, old-timer, and tell me about everything."

Paull sat down. But he was slow to speak. Dazedly he passed his hand across his brow, as if to clear his sight, tho no doubt it was a mental rather than a physical obstruction that blurred it.

"I'll reckon you'll have to bear with me, Dave," he said, at last, "I don't seem to remember things rightly. And yet I do, too, I guess. Only there's so much to remember."

"That's all right, Henry. Take your time. The last any of us heard of you was when you and the wife and the little girl started for the Thunderbolt mine with my Mexican, Garcia——"

"Garcia!" Like a flash Paull was on his feet, fist aloft, shaking with impatient frenzy. "Garcia! D—n him! It was he—he—he——" Abruptly, the old man's fictitious strength failed, and he dropped weakly into his chair.

But an instant later he recovered himself. "I'm an old fool," he muttered. "Cussing a dead man that way. It just come on me all of a sudden what that treacherous dog did to me and mine. He's dead—dead in his own trap. . . . I guess my brain's been sort of wandering for a while; but I remember everything now. . . . Yes! Dave! I'll tell you the story.

He told it, brokenly, but effectively, a story of revenge, undeserved suffering, and finally of rescue by an almost incredible chance after years of imprisonment. Summed up, the tale ran as follows:

COLORADO! To the north towered the Peak; to the south the canyon of the Maiden cut across the plain, down, down, down, till its depths were lost in rolling purple haze. Less than a hundred feet wide and more than one thousand feet deep—a thousand feet of sheer unscalable precipice—it stretched for miles, invisible from more than a few yards away, at once a barrier and a death-trap for him who should approach it blindly or unwarily.

Between the Peak and the river lay the Thunderbolt mine, and toward this, nearly twenty years ago, a surrey laden with baggage was moving briskly. Henry Powell (later known as Paull) and his wife and 3-year-old daughter were sitting on the back seat. Garcia, a Spaniard and an employe of David B. Carter, chief owner of the Thunderbolt, sat in front, driving.

Abruptly Garcia checked the horses and leaped, rifle in hand, to the ground. He carried a tethering weight, with which he ran to the heads of the horses.

Paull, surprised, looked up. "What's the matter?" he began. Then, abruptly, his tone changed. "Here! Garcia!" he cried. "You lost your senses. You've brought us to the canyon of the Maiden River."

Garcia had been busy at the horses' heads, snapping the catch attached to the tethering line into their bridles. Now, however, he spun round, and the muzzle of his rifle swung up to cover the heart of the astonished mining engineer. "Hands up!" he ordered.

Redly Powell's face flamed. "What the——" he began.

Garcia's rifle cracked and Powell's hat flew off his head. "Hands up!" he repeated, while Mrs. Powell screamed.

Reluctantly Powell obeyed. "You'll hang for this, Garcia," he gritted.

Unmoved, the Spaniard went on, following what was evidently a preconceived plan. "Jump out, keep your hands up," he ordered. His English was perfect.

As Powell hesitated, Mrs. Powell spoke swiftly. "Please, Henry! For all our sakes," she begged. "The man's crazy and—please! Oh, please!"

Powell was unarmed. His revolver was lying on the front seat of the wagon, out of reach. Suddenly he jumped to the ground.

"Now you! Get out!" Garcia turned his attention to Mrs. Powell, who obeyed in silence and then helped 3-year-old Mary to the ground.

From the tail of the wagon Garcia pulled out the great coil of slender wire rope which Powell was taking to the Thunderbolt mine. "Roll that rope over to the windlass yonder," he directed, pointing to where, close to the edge of the precipe, a heavy windlass had been firmly planted in the ground.

Wonderingly, unable to conjecture what the man's plan might me, Powell obeyed. Then, under orders, he adjusted the coil to the windlass and waited, while at a gesture from Garcia Mrs. Powell and the child came to his side.

Then, at last, Garcia spoke in explanation. "You remember five years ago?" he questioned, still in perfect English. "You and Dave Carter charged a man with robbing your gold pans. That man was me. I am not a Mexican! I am a Spaniard. And I am a hidalgo. I am poor, but I am a hidalgo! You sent me to prison for a year, but I was not guilty. I said nothing. Of what use was it to speak? The Americans make the law. What could a poor Spaniard do? Nothing, then! But he could wait. I waited. Now, at last——

"Look behind you. The canyon is

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deep. The river flows at the bottom. Just here it is a little wider than elsewhere. I have descended into it, and I know that no one can get out again without help, for it is choked above and below. But I know a man may live there comfortably—about as comfortably as in the jail to which you sent me. So I sentence you to a year in it. I am not bloodthirsty; I do not revenge myself with gun or with knife. I do to you only as you have done to me. Soon, very soon, if fortune favors, I will bring Carter to join you. In a year I will set you both free. I have food here which I will leave with you. Later I will bring you more . . . Now, senor, will you descent first by the rope and windlass, or will you first lower the senora and the muchacha and then follow them? Decide quickly."

Powell did not decide quickly. He blustered, then tried to bribe, then begged.

But not an inch did Garcia yield. For a little he listened. Then he spoke. "I am a hidalgo of old Spain," he said. "My honor is foul with the scent of the jail. It will be cleansed only when those who sent men there suffer likewise. Descend quickly, or die—all of you. I give you one minute to begin to descend; one minute and only one!"

This ended it. Garcia's very quietness carried the conviction that he would carry out his threat. Heavy-heartedly, Powell lowered his wife and round-eyed baby girl, lashed firmly in a loop at the end of the wire rope, into the chasm. Then, obedient to orders, he placed himself in the loop and slipped over the edge and felt Garcia lower him to the bottom.

When he looked around from greeting his wife it was to see the wire rope disappearing upward as Garcia reeled it in.

Despairingly he looked about his prison. It was a cirque—a tiny round valley carved by the furious river from some stratum of rock softer than that which formed most of its bed. The sunlight still illumined its eastern wall, but it was fast retreating upward; and a purple haze, like that on which he had looked down from above, was slowly gathering overhead. It was very clear that the hours of daylight at the bottom of the gorge would be few.

Powell, however, had for the moment no time to think of this. The supplies promised by Garcia were beginning to come down at the end of the swaying rope, and he had to busy himself in loosening them. At least they seemed to cease.

While Powell stared upward, uncertain whether more were yet to come, Garcia, on the plain above, uprooted the windlass and piled it and the wire rope in the wagon, then he tossed in the tethering weight, climbed upon the front seat, and picked up the reins.

What happened then no one ever knew. Perhaps the horses were startled by something; perhaps he whipped them up too suddenly; perhaps he merely drove incautiously close to the unstable edge of the chasm. No one knows, and no one ever will know.

But, as Powell stood gazing upward at the vanishing sunlight, a mass of rock, bearing horses, wagon, and Garcia himself, shot suddenly downward, athwart the track of the sunbeams, and crashed at his very feet. One flying fragment struck his head and hurled him senseless to the ground. When he revived, he revived with half his brain seemingly gone, but the active half told him how to comfort his daughter, whom he found weeping over the still unconscious body of her mother.

Paull and his family lived at the bottom of that chasm for five years. To scale the precipitous wall was utterly impossible, and to follow the gorge either up or down was beyond the power of a man in Paull's condition, broken and hampered with a child and a crippled woman. So they lived where Garcia had left them, on the whole not unhappily. The food supplies that Garcia lowered to them, supplemented by those that Paull salvaged from the smashed wagon, were sufficient to last for months. A bag of corn for the horses and a few packages of garden seeds, found in the debris, when sown in the single acre of soil available, furnished a few fresh vegetables. The river brought plentiful fish and more or less firewood. A cave in the canyon walls afforded shelter. Two or three old novels served as textbooks, by whose aid Mrs. Paull taught her daughter to read and spell.

After five years a way of escape was opened by what at first promised utter destruction. Below the cirque the stream escaped thru an underground passage, roofed by fallen rock from above. A fresh rock fall dammed the passageway altogether; and almost in a moment the entire floor of the cirque became a lake in which the water grew swiftly deeper and deeper. Clinging to the rocks, up which they had climbed till further ascent was imposible, father, mother and daughter saw death creeping upon them, not alone from the rising water but also from the loss of all their food supplies.

Paull and his wife were both wellnigh helpless, but Mary, only 10 years old, but schooled in initiative and in acting as guardian for her parents, rose to the occasion.

A heavy tree trunk, torn from somewhere far up the canyon, had come down with the rising flood and was circling round and round on the now less-turbulent surface of the new-made lake. When next it came near, Mary leaped for it, caught it, and climbed upon it. Then she turned to Paull and to her mother.

"I'll try to paddle in, father," she called. "Be ready to help mother and to jump on board."

But Paull shook his head. "It's no use, Mary," he moaned. "We've got to die. We've got no chance."

But Mary only laughed. "Nonsense, dad," she protested, cheerily. "Come along. Cherries are ripe." (Mary had learned slang from the novels from whose pages she had learned to read.)

Nearer and nearer the child piloted the tree-trunk till at last a lucky swirl of the current brought it alongside Paull's perch, and Mary, half-rising, almost dragged both him and her mother upon it, before the circling waters tore it away.

Hours later the flood reached its apex—far above any height to which the refugees could ever have climbed. Then, at last, the pressure proved too great for even the stout barrier of fallen rock longer to resist, and with a grinding crash and a roar the waters tore their way thru.

What happened next no one on the log ever knew. Clinging to each other, half-drowned, beaten, bruised, now lashed by water, now scraped against the rocky walls, they rode the long hours out. Finally merciful oblivion overtook them. When at last Mary and her father came back to real existence (Mrs. Powell did not come back; at some time in the course of that wild ride her spirit had passed away) they found themselves still lashed to the trees, far out on the plains, in the middle of a "wash," thru which a broad shallow stream wandered sluggishly beneath a burning sun.

It was Mary who untied the knots that held them and who urged her father down to the sandy bed of the stream. It was Mary who scraped a shallow bed in the sand and laid her brother to rest. It was Mary who led her father away from the spot. But, plucky as she was, she could not fight long against the desert sun and the lack of food. In time both she and Powell gave out. Later, how much later, they never knew, they were picked up by wandering prospectors and taken to a nearby town.

Neither then nor for months thereafter was Powell in any condition to explain how he had reached the spot where they were found, and Mary, tho clever beyond her years, was still a child and was dazed by the strange, unremembered world to which she had so abruptly been returned. All that their hearers got from their stories was that they had camped in a wash (as tenderfeet often did), and that they had been overwhelmed by a sudden flood. Such things continually happen in the West. Very soon, finding themselves misunderstood, they gave over their attempts to explain, and in time they wandered away and ceased to speak of their experience.

Where they went and how they lived needs not to be told. But Powell's mind was gradually clearing and he was drawn, unconsciously but none the less strongly, eastward to New York, and at last he reached it. But he found no one there who knew him and no one whom he knew. His very name, Powell, had become metamorphosed into Paull. Some scraps of his forgotten technical train-

(Continued on Page 17.)

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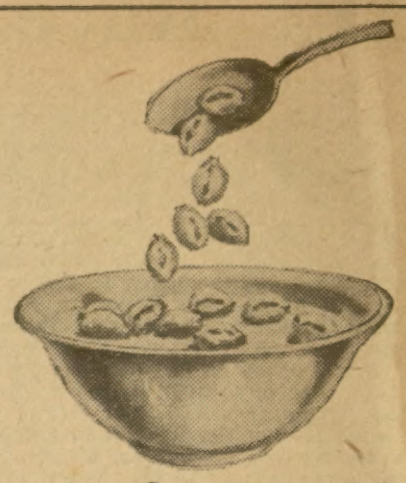

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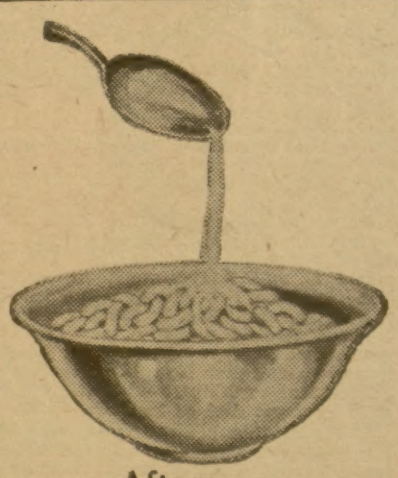

Afternoons
Crisp and douse with melted butter. Children then eat like peanuts when at play

Dinners
Scatter like nut-meats on ice cream. Use as wafers in your soups

The Race Across the Continent

By Paul Shoup

IN MESQUITE CITY, Colo., Colonel Jack Simmons still avers stoutly that Ranchman Jim Somers was simply an ignorant, obstinate wracker of steers, determined because of his distrust to transact business only with the apex of the pyramid; but this claim, tho strongly to the point, is earnestly disputed by Carollin' Jones, of North Fork, Carollin' claiming that Somers was from Wall street, New York, U. S. A., where he had been employed as a baiter of bears, but, the occupation telling upon him, had retired to the foothills of the Rockies to indulge in the pastime of nothing, and to regain some lost health that had strayed away on the Eastern range during some hard seasons. Mesquite City (and North America as well) is divided in opinion, many good citizens planting themselves at one point of view and as many more at the other.

It is well, therefore, that the truth these parallel straight lines are crossed by a third straight line, no Euclid is needed to demonstrate that there will be trouble, especially if the crossing be at a grade. But a really difficult problem is presented when two railroads, parallel, and remaining straight, as railroads always do, nevertheless begin to converge toward the same pass in the mountains. So it happened that the little town of Mesquite City, which the atlas of last year calmly ignores, suddenly became the central point in a drama in which all America was interested.

The Chicago, Denver & Pacific Railroad, better known by its folder name, the Denver Road, and the St. Louis & Los Angeles Railway, which hall-marks its advertising "Los Angeles Air Line," parallel each other west from the bluff timber of the Missouri to the sunset shadows of the Rockies. Treeless, flat, with scarcely sufficient indigenous vegetation to ambush a coyote, thru this partly untenanted plain, roar windlike the trains of the two lines, their smoke

branch to Mesquite City, ten miles from the mouth of the canyon, and was sleeping on its advantage, for its rival had not yet entered that cow-country metropolis, being afflicted with three receivers just as it arrived at a point a few miles farther east.

Rumors came down thru Moonstone Canyon, borne by orders for blasting powder, firewater and pork and beans, of great strikes in the mines over the summit; and still farther west a land syndicate was building mountain reservoirs, planting townsites and acreage, and speaking to the public of wealth to come thru full-page engravings of heavily laden fruit orchards. Of these things the first vice president of the Denver Road knew nothing, for he was in Europe recuperating from a raging war with a falling bond market. The president was in Egypt or Japan, I do not remember which, nor is it important, for he was best known as a connoisseur of foreign wines and a relater of remarkable tales of travel.

The Los Angeles Air Line woke up

The Freed Balloon Soared Upward.

should be out; tho this we all know—Ranchman Jim Somers was the cause, or perhaps I should say the motive power, of the famous Race Across the Continent.

Nowadays, when it is said that two parallel lines are straight, any one, except an instructor in geometry, knows that reference is made to railroads. If trails stretching impressively across the sky.

Forty miles west of the Kansas-Missouri State line, the roads are but fifteen miles apart, and practically this distance is maintained until, at Splitiron Junction, the Los Angeles line turns to the south, and slightly farther west the Denver Road's main artery seeks a northwest passage. From each junction, however, a branch line keeps to the trail of the Star of Empire with the faithfulness of a parallel of latitude.

The race that set the world to watching had its inception when these hitherto insignificant branches began to converge toward Moonstone Canyon, which is the mouth of the only pass thru the Rockies in that section of the country.

The Denver Road had completed its with a start—and that start was towards Moonstone Canyon. The receivers disappeared and then, with prosperity titles attached, came to the surface again as officials of the line. The old bonds were replaced with beautifully engraved new ones. Long lines of seventy-five-pound steel rails began to creep toward Mesquite City. In that metropolis a mass meeting and barbecue were held, and there was much speechmaking by imported and local orators concerning the benefit to a community of a rival railroad.

The day that the second vice president of the Los Angeles Air Line signed smilingly a voucher for the expenses of the barbecue, the first vice president of the

(Continued on Page 14.)

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Stewart's Fighting Bull Pup

by William Heyliger

SOMEBODY opened the restaurant door and a bulldog entered. I hastily shifted my legs. My genial friend, William Buster, knocked the ashes off his cigar in the direction of the dog.

"Careful!" I warned; "he looks nasty."

"That's no criterion," said Mr. Buster; "I know. For the greater part of one night I owned that kind of dog."

"What happened?"

"Many things," said my friend. "They occurred the night after I received my share of Uncle Henry's estate. Travers and Stewart came up to tell me how pleased they were, and we sat talking for hours. Late in the evening Stewart remembered a reception at some girl's house at Harlem. I climbed into my dress-suit and managed to fit out Travers and Stewart. We hadn't gone a mile when Stewart decided that the reception had been given the week before.

"'What can I do?' demanded Stewart.

"'You can change the date on the invitation,' suggested Travers. 'They would have to receive us if you did that."

"'How would they?'

"'Oh, well, if they're not gentlemen——'

"'This reception,' sneered Stewart, 'is in honor of a young woman.'

"I poured oil on the troubled waters by marching my friends into a corner place. An hour later we filed solemnly out. Travers was telling us that he would have to be going because his family always expected him home for breakfast.

"Suddenly, as we walked, a growling bulldog made its appearance in our wake. Travers said the dog had blood and could fight. Stewart agreed and tried to bite part of Travers' whiskers, illustrating a popular hold in dog fights. He told me afterwards that Travers had very tough whiskers.

"We coaxed the dog into my boarding-house and got him upstairs to my room. Stewart stretched out on the sofa and was soon asleep. Travers and I were interested in the fighting members of our gathering. I scouted up some cold beef; Travers found some cannon powder in my closet and sprinkled some on the meat. Travers said it would get up his fighting blood.

"We figured how much we would win if he whipped a dog we had heard of in Hoboken. About daybreak Travers had us $60,000 ahead. I determined to go to bed before we had enough won to buy the Brooklyn bridge.

"'The dog,' cried Travers.

"'What about him?'

"'We can't leave him loose. Want him to chew somebody?'

"We looked about the room for some place to tie the scrapper. Travers' eyes rested on our sleeping companion. The sofa was short, Stewart was long and his legs dangled over the end.

"'We'll tie him to Stewart's legs,' said Travers. 'He knows Stewart; he won't bite him.'

"I wondered how the dog knew Stewart any better than he knew me. However, I said nothing. We tied him fast with my suspenders. We told each other what a faithful watch he'd keep over Stewart and how much he needed it. Much comforted by this reflection, we went to bed.

"It seemed that I had closed my eyes but a moment when a sound awoke me. As I sat up in bed it came again, and this time I distinguished it as a fine, noble attempt to reach a scared top-note. Travers and I rolled to the floor and turned to the sofa.

"Stewart's legs were sticking straight up in the air. Sitting on his chest, its head cocked to one side in contemplation, was the dog.

"'Horrible!' gasped Travers.

"'Save me!' begged Stewart.

"'Sh!' warned Travers. 'Keep quiet; he may bite.'

"'I think he did bite.'

"'Ah!' said Travers, cheerfully; 'then you can move a little. They never bite in the same place twice.'

"We heard the sound of many feet in the hall. Those two yells had attended strictly to the business of arousing people. A timid knock sounded on the door and Travers tiptoed across the room. As he threw open the door we saw the boarding mistress, and the crew of the breakfast table, assembled in a bunch.

"What is it?" gasped the lady.

"'Mad dog,' said Travers, and the crowd went down the hall.

"From the head of the stairs they watched results. As the dog did not appear to be hungry, Travers and I held a consultation.

"'We might try hypnotism,' suggested Travers.

"'How do you do it?' I asked.

"'Why, you make passes with your hands and mumble something. I know where I can buy a book on the subject for ten cents.'

"'And have Stewart chewed before you get back?'

"'True,' said Travers; 'true. I forgot Stewart.' He stroked his beard. 'I have it,' he said at last. 'We'll toss a piece of meat at the cur, and when he jumps for it Stewart can make for the door.'

"'We'll follow at his heels,' said I.

"'We'll go before,' said Travers, hastily; 'somebody has to clear the way.'

"I told Stewart of our plans to rescue him and Travers found another piece of meat. The dog sniffed the air and Travers and I got out the door.

"'Ready?' asked Travers.

"'T—throw it over in the corner,' begged Stewart; 'let me get a good start.'

"'Certainly,' said Travers, 'and I hope you win. Ready?'

"The meat went into a corner of the room. As the dog left his chest, Stewart solved the mysteries of aerial navigation and made the run for his life. Travers and I went down the hall ahead of him and joined the crowd at the head of the stairs. We stood there and watched. The dog was going one way and Stewart going another. Suddenly the dog seemed to flip backwards.

"'Run!' yelled Travers. 'He's tied to Stewart's leg. I forgot.'

"Believe me, it was a beautiful race. The landlady slipped at the foot of the steps and for a moment we formed a graceful imitation of an Egyptian pyramid in distress. Then we disentangled ourselves and at the head of the next flight still led Hydrophobia by a nose. We migrated to the main hall.

"The bull had got rid of the suspender and he and Stewart were neck and neck. On the last step Stewart's legs and the dog got into an argument anent the right of way. In the end Stewart stood on his head near a hatrack and the dog chased out into the yard.

"Soon we heard an awful noise from the direction in which he had disappeared. It sounded like a fight.

"'It's the powder,' said Travers; 'he's awfully savage.'

"After a while we cautiously opened the street door.

"'Stewart!' whispered Travers. When there was answer we went in and had two of the boarders carry Stewart upstairs.

"Our march to the yard was a rare bit of strategy. We first pushed a thin, little boarder out into the arena, and when he didn't come howling back, we followed. In the center of the yard a cat was posing as 'Victory!' Over by the fence its tail stuck between its legs, was the dog.

"'Scrapper?' asked the thin, little boarder.

"Travers and I stole upstairs. We found Stewart laid out like the letter S on a seltzer water bottle, all bends and twists and angles.

"'Where am I?' he asked, weakly.

"'Well,' said Travers, 'parts of you are scattered thru the halls, but what is left of you is here.'

"'And the dog?'

"Travers found a piece of meat on the floor and threw it out the window. In the silence that fell upon us the boarding mistress came up and told me to look for other rooms."

❦ ❦ ❦

To Know a Garden.

"THAT woman next door is mad at me," said the little girl to her uncle.

"How could that be?" cried the incredulous uncle.

"My ball went over the fence and I went over to get it. She said: 'What are you doing in my yard? You're tramping up my garden! Why didn't you ask for your ball and let me get it for you? I could get it without hurting the onions!'"

"Well," said the little girl's mother, "the lady next door has had an awful time with her garden, particularly with the onions. I think she set out seven onions in all, and Gamaliel dug up three the first day."

"Gamaliel?" inquired the uncle of the little girl.

"Yes, that's the dog," explained the little girl's mother. "They seldom call him that name except when he has been digging up onions.

"Then when the people yell at him and come at him with a stick he goes and crouches down as sheepish as you please. He is just as guilty and sad and miserable as possible. The lady takes him by the scruff of the neck and points out to him the three onions prostrate upon the ground, and says: 'Now see what you did, you bad dog!' Then she whips him.

"But the minute her back is turned Gammy has forgotten all about the incident and is soon digging happily again, making the dirt fly blissfully, and altogether forgetful of what is coming to him as soon as his husbandry is discovered.

"So I don't blame the lady much when Angela goes over and adds her tramplings to the devastations and excavations of the dog."

"Well, I didn't know where the garden was!" said the little girl, on the defensive. "I can't tell which is garden and which isn't in that yard. There isn't anything that looks like a garden to me!"

"Couldn't you recognize the garden by the three excavated onions?" inquired the uncle.

"No," stoutly maintained the little girl. "The garden is just like all the rest of the yard. I never knew I'd been in the garden until the woman told me I'd been tramping it down instead of calling her."

"I suppose," suggested the father of the little girl, drawn from his newspaper by the animated argument, "that the lady herself could have rescued the ball from the garden by means of a rake."

"And she herself," added the uncle, "is the only living person who knows which is garden and which ain't."

"It ought to be easy enough to know which is garden," insisted the mother of the little girl. "The garden's the place where the dog digs."

"Perfectly simple," admitted the admiring man.

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OLD MAKE-GOOD

By Leroy Wallingford

THE horse stopped nibbling at the moldy straw and listened attentively. The horse had been listening for three days. He had grown tired of listening.

He wasn't an ordinary-looking horse. He was an extraordinary-looking one. He was toil-worn, girth-galled and foot-sore. His forelegs were in bad shape, a cataract covered one eye; his lungs were troubled, and he had other defects that were visible to the eye of any person who knew where to look for them. And he was keenly sensitive to the defects. Every prospective buyer was exceedingly candid in commenting on them.

When the stable door opened, the horse pulled himself together and tried to get the kink out of his off foreleg. He stiffened his spine, curved his neck, and put a little action into his tail. He knew this was demanded of him, and all thru his life he had tried to do all that was demanded of him. He had tried so hard to make good. With a little thrill of pride he remembered that they had nicknamed him "Old Make-Good" when he helped to pull the horse cars across Manhattan. He held the good conduct record in the car barn. Other horses collapsed with the heat, took cranky spells and fits of laziness, but he had always remembered that the cars had to be run to schedule, and the old bay gelding with the white blaze on his forehead became famous along Twenty-Eighth street. The drivers fought among themselves to get him in their teams, and they enlarged upon his virtues to the smart business men who rode on the front platform and presented the drivers with cigars. The drivers always made the business men think they knew something about horses, and the flattery so pleased the business men that they were liberal with the cigars.

The old horse found it good to think over the past. He had never missed a boat or kept a crowd waiting at the Pennsylvania ferry. He had got there in spite of heat or snow.

The remembrance of those days braced him wonderfully, and the improvement in his appearance was immediately noticeable to the proprietor of the livery stable when he opened the door and invited a red-faced stranger to enter. It made the properietor strees his words as he waved his hand in the direction of "Old Make-Good."

"There he is!" he shouted. "The best horse as stands in this city today."

The old horse stiffened his spine as the stranger walked slowly round him. During the three days he had been at the livery he had gone thru the spine-stiffening process a dozen times a day.

"Abs'lootly the best," continued the properietor, with some heat. "He's a horse that can pull his two ton up the side of the Flatiron if you want him to do it."

The stranger laughed quietly, and the owner became indignant.

"What are you laughin' at?" he asked savagely. "Don't you think he could do it?"

"Sure!" replied the other. "I'm laughing at you thinking the Flatiron people would allow your horse to spoil the walls pulling up the load."

The sarcasm hurt the dealer.

"I know the horse!" he screamed. "I've known him to shift four tons—yes, four tons! What d'ye think of that?"

"I knew a horse to shift twenty tons!" retorted the prospective buyer. "He shifted it from his feed bag into his stomach, but it took him a few years to do it."

Again he laughed sneeringly, and a cold perspiration broke out on "Old Make-Good." He was weak with shame. He was being ridiculed after fifteen years of labor, and he had always done his best.

The thrust silenced the horsedealer, but he glared viciously at the other while that person rubbed his hand down the injured foreleg.

"This prop wouldn't be much use to him in climbing Flatirons," sneered the stranger. "Feels as if he'd been trying to stop some hot baseballs with it. You didn't tell me he was a ball player."

The owner met the sneer with a string of curses. "What d'ye expect?" he yelled. "I'm offerin' the old carcass at fifteen dollars, an' he's cheap. I don't want to smother up his little defects! You're one of these loose-tongued jays who don't know a mule from a rocking horse, and you think I've got nothing to do but listen to your chirrup."

"Don't get mad because I didn't go into raptures over your crock," laughed the visitor.

But the livery proprietor was excited. He followed the other across the stable yard, all the while criticising his knowledge of horseflesh, and after he had seen him into the street he returned to the stall and punched "Old Make-Good" viciously in the ribs.

"You durned old crock," he growled, "you always try to look your worst when any one comes around to squint at you."

The old horse winced. He wondered how many more blows he would receive before a sale was effected. He wondered if a sale would ever be effected, or if he would be kicked or starved to death in the dirty stable.

Ten minutes afterwards he was still pondering over the problem when the stable door again opened, and the proprietor reappeared followed by a clean, wholesome-looking boy about 16 years of age. The proprietor looked jubilant.

"There he is!" he cried excitedly. "The finest old horse in Manhattan. Can pull two ton up a tenement stairway! Never shirks his work, doesn't wear out many shoes, and eats very little. Doesn't he look the thing?"

The boy walked around "Old Make-Good" and stared at him admiringly.

"He looks a good old fellow," he murmured.

The dealer patted the lad on the back approvingly.

"You're a young chap as knows a good thing," he cried. "He is a good old fellow. Every other horse that was as good as him died from overworking themselves. That's what you want to be careful of. Don't let him overwork hisself! What did you say you wanted him for?"

The boy stammered uneasily. "Father died last week," he said, "and I thought if I had a quiet horse I could sell fruit and vegetables so as to get enough money to keep mother."

"Old Make-Good" glanced at the boy's innocent face and then at the cunning grin on the features of the livery man.

"Well, that's your horse!" shouted the dealer. "I'm letting you have him for sixty dollars just because you're a young fellow makin' a start in the world, but to any one else his price is a hundred. Don't you think he's cheap?"

"He's very, very cheap," assented the boy, and he walked forward and patted "Old Make-Good" on the nose. "I'll go right back and get the money from mother," he continued. "She's just keeping it till I had a look at him."

The livery man told him to lose no time, as some one else might be along to snap up the bargain, and the boy raced madly away.

When the stable door closed again, the old horse looked around. The boy was being robbed. He knew he wasn't worth the fifteen dollars that had been asked of the first man. But sixty! He shuddered from his nose to his tail as he thought over the youth's innocence.

Again he looked around the dirty, rotten stable. What could he do to save the boy from the horse sharper—the sharper who had struck him viciously only a few minutes before!

Just above his head a heavy beam supported the loft. The horse eyed it carefully. The wall of the stable had moved out of the perpendicular, and one end of the beam had a very insecure resting place. "Old Make-Good" wondered how the livery proprietor had overlooked the danger. A restive animal, by kicking the support from under the beam, would demolish the barn. The horse thrilled as he saw how easily it could be done. And if it were done?

For the space of fully five minutes the old horse thought over his life. He had done everything that was demanded of him. He had always made good. Joyfully he recalled the days when he had galloped with the heavy horse cars. He recollected how the passengers had bribed the drivers with cigars to catch boats and trains, and how he, "Old Make-Good," had earned those cigars. Yet he had received nothing but the wounds and scars.

The proprietor of the livery stable was dozing peacefully while he waited for the return of the boy with the sixty dollars, when a tremendous crashing noise caused him to spring to his feet. He dashed across the yard and caromed heavily into a frightened groom.

"What's the matter?" yelled the proprietor.

"The loft fell in and killed that old crock you was just trying to sell," stammered the man. "I knew that beam would slip one of these days."

The livery man was speechless for the space of three minutes. The cloud of dust that rose from the ruins floated down the street. He watched it with stupid, staring eyes, and then he saw something that made him curse fearfully. The clean, wholesome-looking boy with the sixty dollars in his hand was running up the sidewalk.

"Old Make-Good" had kept his reputation untarnished to the end.

The Strange Case of Cavendish

(Continued From Page 5)

Cavendish that the carbon copy of the hill, together with the rough notes in his cousin's handwriting, still remained in Enright's possession. Vainly he tried to force himself to return and demand them, but his nerve failed, and he shuffled away hopelessly in the hurrying crowds.

CHAPTER IV.
A BREATH OF SUSPICION.

AS FRANCOIS VALOIS trudged along the night streets toward his rooming-house his heart was plunged in sorrow and suspicion. To be discharged from a comfortable position for no apparent reason when one contemplated no sweet alliance was bad enough, but to be discharged when one planned marriage to so charming a creature as Josette La Baum was nothing short of a blow. Josette herself admitted that and promptly turned Francois' hazards as to young Cavendish's motives into smouldering suspicion, which he dared not voice. Now, as he paused before a delicatessen window realizing that unless he soon obtained another position its dainties would be denied him, these same suspicions assailed him again.

Disheartened, he turned from the pane and was about to move away, when he came face to face with a trim young woman in a smart blue serge. "Oh, hello!" she cried pleasantly, bringing up short. Then seeing the puzzled look upon the valet's face, she said: "Don't you remember me? I'm Miss Donovan of the Star. I came up to the apartments the morning of the Cavendish murder with one of the boys."

Valois smiled warmly; men usually did for Miss Donovan. "I remember," he said dolorously.

The girl sensed some underlying sorrow in his voice and with professional skill learned the cause within a minute. Then, because she believed that there might be more to be told, and because she was big-hearted and interested in every one's troubles, she urged him to accompany her to a nearby restaurant and pour out his heart while she supped. Lonely and disheartened, Valois accepted gladly and within half an hour they were seated at a tiny table in an Italian cafe.

"About your discharge?" she queried after a time.

"I was not even asked to accompany Mr. Frederick's body," he burst out, "even tho I had been with him a year. So I stayed in the apartment to straighten things, expecting to be retained in John Cavendish's service. I even did the work in his apartments, but when he returned and saw me there he seemed to lose his temper, wanted to know why I was hanging around, and ordered me out of the place."

"The ingrate!" exclaimed the girl, laying a warm, consoling hand on the other's arm. "You're sure he wasn't drinking?"

"I don't think so, miss. Just the sight of me seemed to drive him mad. Flung money at me, he did, told me to get out, that he never wanted to see me again. Since then I have tried for three weeks to find work, but it has been useless."

While she gave him a word of sympathy, Miss Donovan was busily thinking. She remembered Willis' remark in the apartments, "Are you sure of the dead man's identity? His face is badly mutilated, you know;" and her alert mind sensed a possibility of a newspaper story back of young Cavendish's unwarranted and strange act. How far could she question the man before her? That she had established herself in his good grace she was sure, and to be direct with him she decided would be the best course to adopt.

"Mr. Valois," she said kindly, "would you mind if I asked you a question or two more?"

"No," the man returned.

"All right. First, what sort of a man was your master?"

Valois answered almost with reverence:

"A nice, quiet gentleman. A man that liked outdoors and outdoor sports. He almost never drank, and then only with quiet men like himself that he met at various clubs. Best of all, he liked to spend his evenings at home reading."

"Not much like his cousin John," she ventured with narrowing eyes.

"No, ma'am, God be praised! There's a young fool for you, miss, crazy for the women and his drinking. Brought up to spend money, but not to earn any."

"I understand that he was dependent upon Frederick Cavendish."

"He was, miss," Valois said disgustedly, "for every cent. He could never get enough of it, either, altho Mr. Frederick gave him a liberal allowance."

"Did they ever quarrel?"

"I never heard them. But I do know there was no love lost between them, and I know that young John was always broke."

"Girls cost lots on Broadway," Miss Donovan suggested, "and they keep men up late, too."

Valois laughed lightly. "John only came home to sleep occasionally," he said; "and as for the women—one of them called on him the day after Mr. Frederick was killed. I was in the hall, and saw her go straight to his door—like she had been there before. A swell dresser, miss, if I ever saw one. One of those tall blondes with a reddish tinge in her hair. He likes that kind."

Miss Donovan started imperceptibly. This was interesting; a woman in John Cavendish's apartment the day after his cousin's murder! But who was she? There were a million carrot-blondes in Manhattan. Still, the woman must have had some distinguishing mark; her hat, perhaps, or her jewels.

"Did the woman wear any diamonds?" she asked.

"No diamonds," Valois returned; "a ruby, tho. A ruby set in a big platinum ring. I saw her hand upon the knob."

Miss Donovan's blood raced fast. She knew that woman. It was Celeste La Rue! She remembered her because of a press-agent story that had once been written about the ring, and from what Miss Donovan knew of Miss La Rue, she did not ordinarily seek men; therefore there must have been a grave reason for her presence in John Cavendish's apartments immediately after she learned of Frederick's death.

Had his untimely end disarranged some plan of these two? What was the reason she had come in person instead of telephoning? Had her mysterious visit anything to do with the death of the elder Cavendish?

A thousand speculations entered Miss Donovan's mind.

"How long was she in the apartment?" she demanded sharply.

"Fifteen or twenty minutes, miss—until after the hallman came back I had to help lay out the body, and could not remain there any longer."

"Have you told any one else what you have told me?"

"Only Josette. She's my fiancee. Miss La Baum is her last name."

"You told her nothing further that did not come out at the inquest?"

Valois hesitated.

"Maybe I did, miss," he admitted nervously. "She questioned me about losing my job, and her questions brought things into my mind that I might never have thought of otherwise. And at last I came to believe that it wasn't Mr. Frederick who was dead at all."

The valet's last remark was crashing in its effect.

Miss Donovan's eyes dilated with eagerness and amazement.

"Not Frederick Cavendish! Mr. Valois, tell me—why?"

The other's voice fell to a whisper.

"Frederick Cavendish, miss," he said hollowly, "had a scar on his chest—from football, he once told me—and the man we laid out, well, of course, his body was a bit burned, but he appeared to have no scar at all."

"You know that?" demanded the girl, frightened by the import of the revelation.

"Yes, miss. The assistant in the undertaking rooms said so, too. Doubting my own mind, I asked him. The man we laid out had no scar on his chest."

Miss Donovan sprang suddenly to her feet.

"Mr. Valois," she said breathlessly, "you come and tell that story to my city editor, and he'll see that you get a job—and a real one. You and I have started something, Mr. Valois."

And, tossing money to cover the bill on the table, she took Valois' arm, and with him in tow hurried thru the restaurant to the city streets on one of which was the Star office, where Farriss, the city editor, daily damned the doings of the world.

That night when Farriss had heard the evidence his metallic eyes snapped with an unusual light. Farriss, for once, was enthusiastic.

"A great lead! By God, it is! Now to prove it, Stella"—Farriss always resorted to first names—"you drop everything else and go to this, learn what you can, spend money if you have to. I'll drag Willis off police, and you work with him. And d—n me, if you two spend money, you've got to get results! I'll give you a week—when you've got something, come back!"

CHAPTER V.
ON THE TRACK OF A CRIME.

IN THE city room of the Star, Farriss, the city editor, sat back in his swivel chair smoking a farewell pipe preparatory to going home. The final edition had been put to bed, the wires were quiet, and as he sat there Farriss was thinking of plunging "muskies" in Maine streams. His thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a clatter of footsteps, and, slapping his feet to the floor, he turned to confront Willis and Miss Donovan.

"Great God!" he started, at their appearance at so late an hour.

Miss Donovan smiled at him. "No; great luck!"

"Better than that, Mr. Farriss," echoed Willis. "We've got something; and we dug all week to get it."

"But it cost real money—enough to make the business office moan, I expect, too," Miss Donovan added.

"Well, for Pete's sake, shoot!" demanded Farriss. Cavendish, I suppose?"

The two nodded. Their eyes were alight with enthusiasm.

"In the first place," said the girl, with grave emphasis, "Frederick Cavendish did not die intestate as supposed. He left a will."

Farriss blinked. "By God!" he exclaimed. "That's interesting. There was no evidence of that before."

"I got that from the servants of the College Club," Willis interposed. "The will was drawn the night before the murder. And the man that drew it was Patrick Enright, of Enright & Dougherty. Cavendish took away a copy of it in his pocket. And, Mr. Farriss, I got something else, too—Enright and young John Cavendish are in communication further. I saw him leaving Enright's office all excited. Following my lunch, I cultivated Miss Healey, Enright's stenographer, and learned that the two had an altercation and that it was evidently over some document."

Farriss was interested.

"Enright's in this deep," he muttered thoughtfully, "but how? Well—what else?"

Stella Donovan began speaking now:

"I fixed it with Chambers, the manager of the Fairmont, to get Josette La Baum—she's Valois' fiancee, you remember—into the hotel as a maid. Josette 'soaped the keyhole' of the drawers in John Cavendish's rooms there. I had a key made from the soap impression, and from the contents of the correspondence we found I learned that Celeste La Rue, the blonde of the Revue, had got some kind of hold on him. It isn't love, either; it's something stronger. He jumps when she holds the hoop."

"La Rue's mixed up in this deeply, too,"

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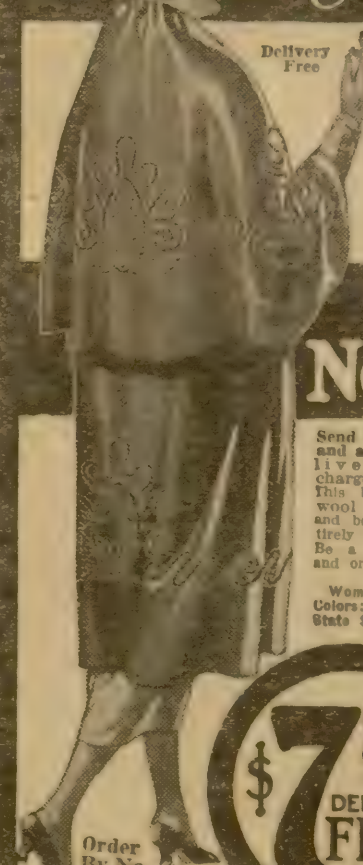

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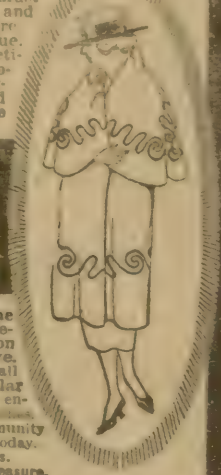

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Willis cut in. "Neither one of us could shadow her without uncovering ourselves, so we hired an International operative. They cost ten dollars a day—and expenses. What he learned was this—that while she was playing with young Cavendish and seeing him almost daily, the lovely Celeste was also in communication with—guess who!"

"Enright?" Farriss ventured.

"Exactly—Enright," he concluded, lighting his half-smoked cigarette.

"Well," the city editor tapped his desk; "you two have done pretty well, so far. You've got considerable dope. Now, what do you make of it?"

He bent an inquiring gaze on both the girl and the youth.

"You do the talking, Jerry," Miss Donovan begged Willis; "I'm very tired."

Willis was only too eager; Willis was young, enthusiastic, reliable—three reasons why the Star kept him.

"It may be a dream," he said, smiling, "but here is the way I stack it up. The night after he quarreled with John, Frederick Cavendish called in Enright and made a will, presumably, cutting John off with practically nothing.

"Immediately after Frederick's departure, Enright calls Carlton's cafe and talks to John Cavendish, who had been dining there with Celeste La Rue.

"It is reasonable to suppose that he told him of the will. Less than five hours afterward Frederick Cavendish is found dead in his apartments. Again it is reasonable to suppose that he was croaked by John Cavendish, who wanted to destroy the will so that he could claim the estate.

"These Broadway boys need money when they travel with chorines. Anyhow, the dead man is buried, and John starts spending money like water. One month later he receives a letter—Josette patched the pieces together—asking him to call at Enright's office.

"What happened there is probably this: Young Cavendish was informed of the existence of the will, and it was offered to him at a price which he couldn't afford to pay—just then.

"Perhaps he was frightened into signing a promise to pay as soon as he came into the estate—tricked by Enright. Enright, as soon as he heard no will had been found in Frederick's effects, may have figured that perhaps John killed him, or even if he did not, that, nevertheless, he could use circumstances to extract money from the youngster, who, even if innocent, would fear the trial and notoriety that would follow it Enright publicly disclosed the existence of that will.

"John Cavendish may be innocent, or he may be guilty, but one thing is certain—he's being badgered to death by two people, from what little we know. One of them is the La Rue woman; the other is Enright.

"Now, I wonder—Mr. Farriss, doesn't it occur to you that they may be working together like the woman and the man in the Skittles case last year? You remember then they got a youngster in their power and nearly trimmed him down to his eyeteeth!"

Farriss sat reflecting deeply, chewing the stem of his dead pipe.

"There's something going on—that's as plain as a red bannerhead. You'e got a peach of a start, so far, and done good pussyfooting—you, too, Stella—but there's one thing that conflicts with your hypothesis——"

The two leaned forward.

"Valois' statement that he was almost positive that the dead man was not Cavendish," the city editor snapped.

"I now believe Valois is mistaken, in view of developments," said Willis with finality. "So does Stella—Miss Donovan, I mean. Remember the body was charred across the face and chest—and Valois was excited."

Farriss was silent a moment.

"Stick to it a while longer," he rapped out; "and get La Rue and Cavendish together at their meeting-place, if you can discover it."

"We can!" interjected Willis. "That's something I learned less than an hour ago. It's Steinway's Cafe, the place where the police picked up Frisco Danny and Mad Mike Meighan two years ago. I followed them, but could not get near enough to hear what they said."

"Then hop to it," Farriss rejoined. "Stick around there until you get something deeper. As for me—I'm going home. It's 2 o'clock.

Here is a story that promises to be one of the famous author's very best. It is founded upon a deep mystery and its future chapters undoubtedly will link the seething Eastern metropolis and the romantic West in a series of events that will be thrilling as well as highly interesting. There will be plots and counter-plots, for a million dollars is a mighty big stake to fight for. Another generous installment next week.

The Race Across the Continent

(Continued From Page 10)

rival corporation set foot ashore from the Ceramic. O nthat day, too, Mesquite City listened to the tooting of a strange whistle, for a construction train had arrived over the new line. The spider was spinning its web as it went.

At noon that day, on the stock exchange, where brokers were lazily discussing the weather, in Mesquite City, whence the solitary daily-execpt-Sunday passenger train had gone, in the office of the first vice president, who sat down unwillingly before a pyramid of letters and a dozen telegrams, some outspoken and a few in cipher, the Denver Road was apparently napping as serenely as ever; and yet at the treminus of the rival line was a long column of red-shirted, bare-armed men, swinging shovels close on the heels of "the cavalry of the army"—forty teams that pulled and wheeled and backed to the orders of strident-voiced drivers, reins about the neck and gripping hard the handles of scrapers. At the rear was the construction train with its engine grumbling impatiently, the layers of steel rails following hard upon the distributors of the criss-cross piles of ties along the right-of-way. Moonstone Canyon was but nine miles away.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon observant brokers noted a movement in Denver Road stock; in the office of the first vice president there were skurrying footsteps, ringing annunciators, low-voiced consultations and the whir of typewriters apparently after records. In Mesquite City the agent was wondering if he had not better take a nap in the absence of other time-killers, when he was aroused by what he afterward termed a "thunder storm along the wire." When he slowly responded to the clicking "MC-MC-MC," he was mildly surprised at the terse instructions of the dispatcher not to go out of hearing of the sounder until further orders, neither to eat nor drink nor even to receive freight. He opened his eyes wider a little later when he heard an order come over the wire giving absolute right of way over everything to an engine running light from division headquarters with the division superintendent and a right-of-way agent on board. At the same time a rolling mill in Pittsburgh received an inquiry as to the least possible time in which could be delivered an order for steel rails—fifty miles of main line and twenty miles of spurs and siding. At 7:30 p. m. the agent at Mesquite City gave up supper in despair and went on copying confidential telegrams from New York about rights-of-way, or clicking the meanings of scrawls on yellow paper to division headquarters two hundred miles away, there to be picked up by another electric current and flashed on their way eastward.

AT 9 O'CLOCK that evening a cow-puncher leaped from the back of a perspiring pony in front of Ranchman Somers' cabin in Moonstone Canyon. After a day on the range, the ranchman was sitting on his doorstep smoking, enjoying the freedom of the night and old clothes. Below him was a vast moonlit plain, darkened in ragged spots with the shadows of isolated clouds.

It was perhaps as easy to measure Somers from external appearance in the semi-darkness as in broad daylight; his neighbors found it so. A slender man with a penchant for loose-fitting togs and an old pipe, and not beyond middle-age, his face had in it written the history of battles of giants and some traces of ill-health; his eyes were deep-set, with humorous lines radiating from the corners; his nose was aquiline, and below the sensitive mouth was an assertive chin backed by an aggressive jaw; he would not have passed unnoticed in a crowd. He arose and nodded to the newcomer as if he were expected, somewhat surprising if true, for in the last four hours Somers had received more callers than during all the three years previous that he had lived in the canyon, including the recent semi-weekly visits from the right-of-way agent of the Los Angeles Air Line, who discussed land values and made offers to Somers as if he were a home-seeker deeply enamored of the ranch, which offers Somers quietly rejected. For Somers owned two thousand acres of land, including the entire mouth of Moonstone Canyon.

During the evening he had derived some amusement from what the foreman termed "a percession of citizens on hossback an' in kerridges," including railway superintendents and right-of-way men, prominent townspeople of Mesquite and several message carriers.

Somers tore open the yellow railroad envelope and lit a match. It was from the first vice president of the Denver Road.

New York, 7-6-99.

30 DH filed 5:02 p. m., rush
via K Cy & company wire
Jim Somers,
Moonstone Ranch, via Mesquite City, Col.

So you are holding fort. Capitulate your own terms for sake auld lang syne. Wall Street's a joke but this is serious. Like a race with your own horse up. GEORGE.

Somers slowly folded the message and looked out over the prairie. The message had taken him back to boyhood days when he and the same vice-president had gone swimming together, carved the same desk at school with their knives, enjoyed the measles simultaneously and found strength in union when either got into trouble.

Up from the shadow of the scrub oaks came another horse and rider. The foreman of the gang of scrapers slid from the bare back of a horse taken from the traces, and handed Somers an envelope. It, too, was yellow. "A telegram, sir," said the newcomer, quietly.

New York, 7-6-99.

21 DH filed 5:07 p. m.
via St. Louis & co wire, rush
Jas. Somers,
Mesquite City, Col.

Draw on me at sight for your price for Moonstone Ranch. In the summer of eighty-five bargains were quickly made. G. P. D.

Somers turned the envelope over carefully, and gazed contemplatively at the bold "Los Angeles Air Line" inscribed across the top. He had heard from another vice-president.

He remembered vaguely that the second vice-president of the Los Angeles Air Line had assisted his father by helping him hold up the market in the '85 crisis, but surely his father had repaid the favor, if favors can be repaid. Still, a generous spirit had been shown. On the other hand, a boyhood friendship held their memories. Suddenly the spirit that had made his career in New York remarkable, came to the rescue.

"Either would consider it fair—and we'll all enjoy the race," he said to himself. Then he penciled two telegrams, the one the duplicate of the other. One was to the first vice-president of the Denver road, the other to the second vice-president of the Los Angeles Line. Thus they ran:

If Moonstone Ranch is worth having it is worth seeing. It's fit for a vice-president, and the first one who drops in shall have it. Am at this minute inviting two. Dinner will be ready.

He folded the two messages and stepped forward.

"Gentlemen," he said, "there is one thing that will make these messages valuable—haste."

The foreman of the scrapers, quick of comprehension, leaped on his horse's bare back, shouted and went thundering down the road. The other man stopped to mount, but was only a short moment behind. Somers went into the house, smiling.

The race across the continent was assured—a spectacular battle between two master strategists on the field of commerce, with more than a nation onlooking.

The ranchman unlocked the door to the room that was his one absolutely private apartment in the cabin—a bit of the past that he had brought with him. Here were an old and well-beloved roller-top desk, a table with the latest financial and political journals scattered over it, a well-filled bookcase, with the Rubaiyat in the upper left-hand corner and Poor's Manual in the lower right-hand corner. On a stand was a telephone with phonograph attachment, whence ran a line along the top of a stock fence to the county seat, forty miles distant. He could call up the Missouri River, Galveston or St. Louis; or lie back in an easychair and have the phonograph tell him of the day's doings in New York or London, or listen to the latest opera in Omaha. He would have no trouble in following the race to the Rockies.

THE shadows were but half dispelled in the great trunk line roundhouse by a hundred twinkling incandescent lights. The night was clear and beautiful, and across the water the stars were seemingly reflected in New York. The foreman came into the building reluctantly. A caller ran toward him, shouting, and he hastened his steps. He lifted the telephone receiver to his ear and was surprised to hear the voice of the superintendent of motive power and machinery.

"What's the fastest engine in?"

"1376—the hostler has just finished with her."

"All right—have ready in thirty minutes to take out special; send down to yard, where Webb will take charge. Have fit for the run of her life."

It was 11:30 p. m., Eastern time, and at that moment a wiper in a roundhouse over in the metropolis was being vigorously "jacked-up" for not using more haste with engine No. 1111; for there was another special to be run that night, and along two great arteries of commerce were flying terse and vigorous messages about rights of specials, passing points and elastic schedules.

Thru friendly Eastern connections the two messages were already beginning to bear fruit.

These plays on the chessboard were swift, but silent; everywhere was secrecy imperatively commanded, yet, at 3 a. m. an order was shouted thru the speaking tube to the press room of a great New York daily to hold the first edition for important railroad news. Next morning New York awoke and read in staring headlines of the beginning of the race.

That the midnight departures on specials of two high officers of the Denver Road and the Los Angeles Line had something to do with the right-of-way war at the foot of the Rockies was quickly guessed. But what? Bonds and stocks in an already feverish market behaved most erratically, and on the floor of the Exchange Wall street brokers danced as bears or bellowed as bulls.

As yet the public was but mildly interested and discussed the subject pla-

(Continued on Page 21.)

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Aboard the Carania

(Continued From Page 6)

end of the service, his gloomy face more doleful than ever. He congratulated us in a voice that an undertaker might use in speaking of a dear departed. He was thinking . . . that the bride should spend her honeymoon in prison, I suppose. However, I felt that I knew more than Carnahan Cole did then, and I laughed at him, which levity he construed as an insult.

"You seem to look on this more or less as a joke," he said harshly. "I assure you that it is anything but that. I like you, Mr. Corbett; I like your—wife, but if she killed Justin McKim so sure as I stand here she's going to suffer for it. Look on the case as I do. There are three people who are under the gravest suspicion. Mrs. Corbett eliminated Klopp, and Prince Boris has been accounted for by the steward, who saw him in Klopp's bedroom. Only your wife has no one to substantiate her statement that she was watching the German. She had a strong motive. Still more grave is the fact that she had the box of bonds in her possession."

"If she was guilty, do you think that she would have walked into our stateroom with them in her arms?" I asked, amused.

"She might have done that very thing to alibi herself, and throw the blame on Protopopoff."

"Yes, and I suppose that she was the burly brute who tried to throw me overboard, and incidently gave me this highly decorative eye."

Cole grunted. "You are merely assuming that the man who attacked you was the murderer of Justin McKim. There is absolutely no proof as to that. You'll admit it yourself."

"No proof but the fact that I am not personally acquainted with a soul aboard the Carania, except you and Celia. It certainly wasn't she. Was it you, by any chance?"

"Of course not," he said annoyed. "Don't be absurd."

"Then, not knowing and therefore not being able to be on bad terms with any one, why should a person—except one who might fear that I knew of his connection with the murder—try to eliminate me from this mortal scene?"

"Homicidal mania, perhaps."

I laughed. "I'll wager that you can go over this ship with a fine-tooth comb and not find a single case of insanity. No, my assailant wasn't mentally responsible. As a matter of fact, I know who he was and also that he killed Justin McKim!"

The detective stared at me with such an expression of absolute astonishment that I chuckled. He had always been so self-sufficient, so absolutely confident of his prowess that it did me good to take a fall out of him. Of course, I took no particular credit to myself in finding out. I had learned certain facts that made the case as clear as daylight—facts that, missing, made the whole thing absolutely insoluble.

"How do you know?" demanded Cole.

"It doesn't matter," I said carelessly "By all means have your conference in the Captain's cabin. Formulate your plans. I may be wrong, you know." I knew that he believed I was wrong—or crazy!

AN HOUR later six of us gathered in the Captain's cabin—Celia, Carnahan Cole, Prince Boris Protopopoff, Doctor Klopp, Captain McLeod and myself. The gale was blowing itself out, but the rain and spray still beat against the closed portholes, and the Carania rolled in a manner more spectacular than comfortable.

Cole braced himself, legs wide spread, one hand resting on the Captain's desk. His lean, sensitive face was ashine with eagerness. It was quite apparent to me that what I had said affected him not at all now that he had time to think it over. The professional detective is apt to think poorly of the layman's intellect in a case like this. He intended carrying out his own plan.

He began speaking in his precise, academic manner. "I asked Captain McLeod to have us assemble here," he began, "because we are all vitally interested in the death of Mr. McKim. As a matter of fact, one of us is his murderer."

Instinctively every one turned to his neighbor, as tho trying to peer down beneath the surface of the physical body; to read in each other's eyes whether or not the dread secret was hidden there. Possibly we moved a little uneasily. I felt Celia's hand slip into mine.

Carnahan Cole continued: "The situation is unique in one way at least, for the murderer cannot get away. He will be in our midst for the next five days—will sit down to table with us—talk—try to appear at ease—and all the time his hands will be wet with blood, and he will be trying to drown the memory of a ghastly, dying face. We are six here. I want the five innocent ones to watch every move that is made by the others—to peer and pry. That's the psychology of the thing—for the murderer to know that he is being watched every moment. It won't be pleasant for those of you who are innocent. It will, I am quite confident, cause the killer to make a false step in an endeavor to cover his trail."

Captain McLeod's eyes became ironical. "To whom is all the information to be delivered?"

"To me, of course," said Cole sharply.

"Why to you? I'll tell you frankly, Mr. Cole, that I'm not satisfied concerning you. It seems to me that you are as liable to suspicion as any of these people here."

The detective turned, white as chalk, and the two men stared at each other across the width of the table, murder in their blazing eyes.

I rose, still keeping Celia's little finger linked in mine. "Wait a minute, gentlemen," I said, "there's no need fighting about this. I'm not a detective in any sense of the word, but I've seen a few things and deduced a few more, and I've—well—I've pretty nearly come to a conclusion as to whom the criminal really is."

I felt every gaze in the room riveted on me.

"The murderer of Justin McKim," I said slowly, "is Captain McLeod, formerely known as Lon Riggs, ex-commander of the John McBethport, which he scuttled in the China Sea!"

VII.

I HAD a momentary vision of the skipper's wild eyes and beard all a-bristle with rage. Then he controlled himself with an iron hand, and forced a laugh. He saw the intense astonishment of the others. They were staring, Klopp grossly, his jaw hanging like a dead man's; the Russian leaning forward, elbows on knees, his womanish hands twining and intertwining. Even Carnahan Cole had dropped his air of blase boredom, and was as frankly surprised as any of them.

"Well," said McLeod at last in a thick voice, "I suppose you have the right to accuse me, since every one in this room has been charged with the crime at one time or another. What's your proof?"

"After I tell my story I think you will admit that you are guilty, Captain."

His voice sounded like a file grating on rusty iron. "Go on."

"I'll admit that I never thought of connecting you with the crime until I was attacked on the deck an hour or so ago. When you came rushing, supposedly to my assistance, I noticed that you were breathing heavily, and that the knuckles of your right hand were skinned and bleeding. For the barest moment suspicion flashed up in me, and I crushed it down as ridiculous. When I came in here that ridiculous suspicion sprouted again. I saw your statue of Neptune there. One of the prongs of the trident was broken off. It was bronze—so was the bit of metal with which Justin McKim had been killed—and bronze objects are not very plentiful on the Carania, I've noticed."

"Rot! Utter, utter rot!" snarled McLeod.

"Oh, I'll admit that it was not sufficient evidence to convict. There seemed to be no possible motive, for Justin had told me that he didn't know any one named McLeod. I asked him when I learned that we were to sail on this ship. However, Celia here, told me she had learned that Captain McLeod was really Lon Riggs, the sailing master of the John McBethport, and that she was making this trip principally to try to connect the two with the plot that had sent that freighter to the bottom. When McKim was killed she did not suspect McLeod, for she understood that he and his erstwhile employer had been the best of friends. I knew differently—and there was the motive. And then, Captain, you made a frightful error when you tried to put my wife in a more suspicious position by the supposed arrival of that telegram from the Department of Justice. When your operator told me that no such message had arrived I was thoroly convinced that you really were the guilty one."

"So," said McLeod evenly. "I will have to kill you after all. I tried it this morning because you were the only one I could not convince that Miss Lord—pardon me, Mrs. Corbett—was the killer." He ripped a knife from some hidden sheath, and sprang at me.

Celia fell back against the desk, one

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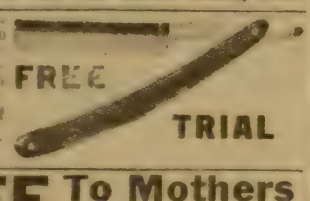

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hand at her throat, as tho to choke back a bursting cry of fright. I stepped aside, avoiding the weapon, and struck him a frightful blow beneath the heart. The rug slipped under his feet, and McLeod went down heavily, with the knife underneath.

We carried him to his berth, and the surgeon came to attend him. The Captain lay back on his pillow, tanned face almost dead white, drops of sweat beading his skin.

"It's bad, d—d bad," said the surgeon. "He can't last out the day. The knife went in almost to the hilt—punctured his lungs."

Protopopoff left; and Klopp. They had no further interest in the affair since their skirts were cleared. We had, so we stayed. Celia, of course, had not known that McLeod was the murderer. She only knew that he had commanded the John McBethport, and had eventually dropped out of the employ of the Commercial Shipping Company. She came aboard the Carania in an attempt to find out from McLeod facts that would implicate McKim in the investigation the Department of Justice was instituting. We sat by the bedside of the sufferer. Carnahan Cole paced up and down, nagging himself because he had not been the one to discover the truth concerning the death of Justin McKim. Mr. Harrison went to the bridge to take command of the Carania.

It was close to 10 o'clock when Captain McLeod opened his eyes. The storm had ceased, and we were riding on a calm sea. Sunlight bared the clothing,

He was thirsty, and showed slight signs of mental wandering. He coughed a good deal, and fever reddened his skin, Then, with a ghost of an ironical smile touching his lips, he began to talk.

"I had good reason for hating Justin McKim. He laid the basis of his fortune on the ships I scuttled for him, but I never made anything on it, and at last he kicked me out altogether. A dog—that's what I was—a dog! Just his brute to order around as the spirit moved him. It took me years, under another name, to work back to the bridge of a ship—years of hell, they were. But I swore that I'd get back at him, and have something out of Commercial Ship for myself. It took time—time——"

He turned his wearied eyes on us and motioned for a glass of water.

"I planned every little detail. That cable he received was a fake. I sent it, knowing his plans and the fact that the Carania was the only ship leaving for France within two days. So he came aboard with those Commercial Ship bonds. I had studied murder for years—and this way seemed best. I slipped into his stateroom, killing him, and opened the wall-safe. I knew the combination, of course. When I came into the hall I heard footsteps. Panic-stricken, I darted into Protopopoff's room—the door being open, and hid the box under the bed. One of the stewards came to the door, and I had to leave it there, intending to go back. But—the lady beat me to it. Then I became afraid of you, Corbett. Your eyes seemed to be following me. I decided to kill——"

The fever gained. Coughing racked him incessantly. He closed his eyes, and then opened them again, his head rolling.

"What is that?" he whispered.

It was Death.

So Celia and I went into the bright sunshine of the deck, arm in arm, leaving the shell of the man who had written one of the darkest chapters in the history of Commercial Ship. With every turn of the Carania's screw, my wife and I were going toward happier things—and we hoped very soon to forget all the grewsome details surrounding the death of Justin McKim and the bearded ex-commander of the ill-fated John McBethport.

The End.

Saving Himself.

DUGALD M'TAVISH, the all-round athlete and sportsman in the village, entered his name for all events in the recent local Highland games. The first event on the program was the half-mile, and of eight runners, Dugald finished eighth.

"Dugald, Dugald," said a fellow Scot, "why do you not run faster?"

"Run faster!" he said, scornfully, "an' me reservin' masel for the bagpipe competition."

Sure Thing.

TAFFY one day came across Pat, who was breaking stones on the side of the road and said:

"Is it by the yard you're paid for those stones?"

"No," said Pat, "but by the stone."

"If so," said Taffy, "how many stones would go to make a yard?"

"None," said Pat; "they all have to be carried."

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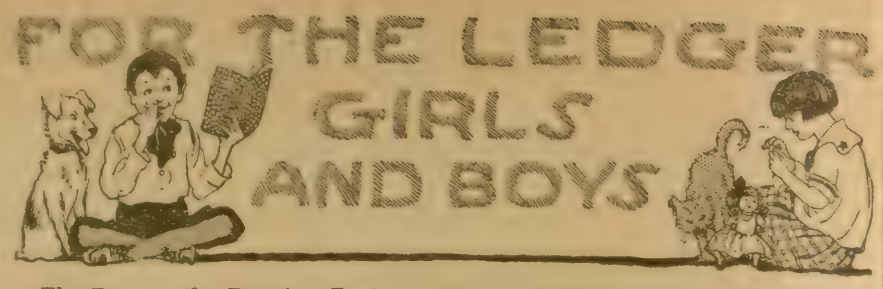

The Boy on the Burning Deck.

GIACOMO JOCANTE CASABIANCA was a young Corsican sailor lad, who roamed the seas with his father, commander of the good ship "Orient." When the war between the English and the French took place at the end of the eighteenth century, young Casabianca was a middy on the ship which had been taken over into the French service.

On the afternoon of Aug. 1, 1798, Lord Nelson and the British fleet attacked the French in the Mediterranean Sea. Finally, after an exciting attack, the English boats worked their way between the French ships and the shore and fired on the ships from both sides at once.

Broadside after broadside was directed against the sturdy French boat, all without avail, until a deadly fire wounded the captain and set fire to the vessel at one and the same time. The flames rose and swept over the boat. Inch by inch the sailors were driven back. One by one they were forced to leave their brave captain and jump into the waters, from whose current many were rescued by the English.

They called for the captain to jump, but while he had life in his body and the ship was afloat he would not desert his post nor his country. Then they shouted that Casabianca should jump while there was yet time for him to be saved. What, leave his father in this hour of peril? Not he! The English and the French soldiers implored him—his father was wounded, perhaps fatally—he should save himself. But the boy refused to move.

[illegible] in hand the two—father and son—stood on the deck while the flames shot up from the portholes and the deck about them caught fire. The watching sailors from the enemy's ships turned away in horror as the flames swept over the boat. Then with a mighty explosion the vessel sank, and the blue waters of the Mediterranean closed over the brave boy who had guarded the ship with his dying father.

But the waters could not close over the memory of his bravery, and the tale of Casabianca has been told in song and story all over the world. A very pretty poem has been written about the Corsican boy in the Battle of Aboukir Bay. It begins:

"The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled——"

But why should I tell it to you? Some day you will read the poem for yourself, and admire again the brave spirit of the noble Corsican lad.

Fooled by a Ventriloquist.

WHETHER or not there is true humor in a practical joke depends on the joke and the circumstances in which it is played. Of course, it is necessary that no harm shall come to the person or persons who are the butts of the humor. In other days practical joking was more common than it is now. Perhaps every one of us is glad that this is so. In the days when Napoleon was rising to the command of France, practical jokes were commonly practiced and Napoleon enjoyed them.

Eugene Beauharnais, the son of Josephine and the stepson of Napoleon, delighted to give entertainments during which some more or less practical joke was sprung. Just about this time ventriloquism was coming into favor for entertainments, thru the performance of Thiemet. One day Beauharnais invited Thiemet to be his guest at a breakfast he was giving some young officers. At this breakfast Beauharnais introduced Thiemet simply as a friend. No one at that time had seen Thiemet, and none knew him to be a ventriloquist.

During the course of the breakfast one officer after another distinctly heard himself called out of the room by the voice of his own serving man. In turn each officer made a fruitless trip downstairs. Each returned more astonished than the one who had gone before. They were bewildered and they determined to go down in a body to find out who had been playing such a trick.

On the way down one of the young officers suggested with a frown that it was barely possible all the valets had connived to make fun of their masters. No one would dare to attempt the trick alone, for the others would tell on him. So the officers held a whispered conference and decided they would set upon the valets and give them a severe drubbing, which they would not soon forget.

When they arrived at the bottom of the stairs, however, the calls were repeated. One thought he heard the voice of his servant calling him from one room. Another was sure that his valet was summoning him to another room. Each was called from a different place. Now thoroly angry, they ran this way and that—colliding with each other—and calling:

"Here! Here's the rascal!"

"No, here he is!"

"Come this way. Here's the rascal!"

The confusion was disconcerting to each of them. They didn't know which way to go. They ran without purpose, breathlessly.

It was the loud laugh of Beauharnais that disclosed the joke. But some of the officers were so angry they declared they would give Thiemet the beatings they had intended for their valets. On this Beauharnais exclaimed:

"Nay nay, gentlemen! My friend Thiemet is not to blame. If you cannot forgive a frolic the quarrel is mine."

No one, of course, wished to engage in a quarrel with the stepson of Napoleon, so they entered into the spirit of the joke as best they could. They returned to the bereakfast table, where Thiemet gave them some interesting—tho less offensive—demonstrations of the art of which they knew little, if anything.

Strength of Orang-outang.

THE strength of a full grown orang-outang is enormous, according to Charles Mayer, explorer and writer. I have seen one bend a one-inch steel bar as tho it were made of rubber. If he can brace himself properly, with plenty of room to exert his entire strength, he can bend almost anything; but between bending a bar and breaking a rope by pulling, there is a great deal of difference. A rattan rope will hold him, tho a simple menagerie cage may not give him any more trouble than a paper hoop.

The strength of the orang-outang, or "wild man," as the name means in Malay, is largely in his arms. The arms of a mias—the breed that we were after in Borneo—measure ten feet or more from tip to tip. The mias type, which is next in size to the gorilla, is somewhat larger than the ordinary breed. It is distinguished by a darker color and by folds of skin at each side of the face. Its body, from shoulders to hips, is about the size of a man's. It has short, undeveloped legs, long fingers and thumbs that are mere stubs.

An orang-outang never travels on the ground when he can swing from tree to tree, and, since there are very few open spaces in the jungle, he seldom reaches the ground except when he goes down to get something. He can swing incredible distances, hurtling thru the air and catching branches with perfect accuracy.

Orang-outangs usually live in colonies numbering from forty to sixty, and the largest and most powerful is chief. They make their homes on platforms in the branches of trees and they build the platforms by breaking off limbs and putting them crisscross. In mating season the male and female live together, but the couples separate after the young are born. The mother takes care of them and the father goes off about his business.

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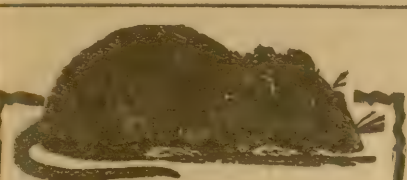

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The Stories in the Case

(Continued From Page 9)

ing that came back to him enabled him to earn enough money to keep body and soul together. Mary, however, was the mainstay of the family.

And so father and daughter lived somehow till Bully Carter, not knowing, dispatched his emissary, Smith, to break off all intercourse between them and his son Cecil.

Carter's face contracted with an anxiety very foreign to its customary expression. Roughly he grasped Paull by the shoulder. "Yes! I mean it!" he snapped. "What's wrong? Quick, man: what's wrong?"

A Mass of Rock, Bearing Horses, Wagon and Garcia Himself, Shot Suddenly Downward.

SUCH was the story that Paull told, hesitatingly, with many repetitions, corrections and elisions—a story which, incredible as it may sound to some, yet bore the stamp of irrefragable truth to those who heard it from Paull's lips, and especially to those who know the West, with its profound canyons and its rushing rivers.

When the last halting word had fallen from the lips of the old mining engineer, Carter clasped him once more by the hand.

"It's all over now, pardner," he exclaimed. "It's all over now. You'll sail in smooth waters for the rest of your days. The Thunderbolt mine petered out, but I've got a better one, and half of it's yours. Besides, you know, my boy wants to marry your girl, and——"

Paull started. "Are—are you Bully Carter?" he demanded. "But sure! Of course you are! Of course you are! I reckon I must have been pretty dumb not to have known it. Well, well! Your boy and my girl—and I was against it, Dave, I was against it. I didn't know, you see!"

"Well, I was against it, too, Henry," admitted Carter. "I was against it, too. I didn't know, either. The young folks were wiser than we. Anyhow, they've taken it out of our hands. My boy"—Carter chuckled—"I reckon my boy's with her now. He's been hiding at Gilatex. But a fellow named Jackson found him and started with him for your place last night. He's due to reach the mine"—Carter looked at his watch—"in an hour or so now, if his train's on time, and——"

Paull staggered to his feet. "Your boy! Reach the mine!" he cried. "You don't mean it, Dave! Say you don't mean it."

"There's a strike on. The men haven't been paid for months. They know you own the mine and they've sworn to lynch the first Carter man they catch. And they'll do it, Dave; they'll do it."

Here is a new source of danger for Cecil, and for his father, should he rush to his son's rescue. Some stormy scenes may be looked for in the next and final installment of the story. There will be some big surprises, too, for it may turn out that all our guesses as to who killed Nan Wilkins were wrong. Everything will be explained in the Ledger next week. Don't miss the closing chapters.

A Large and Liberal Town.

SUDDENLY the policeman on fixed post gave a start of surprise. He had almost been asleep, when a man softly approached him, and touched him on the arm.

"Excuse me, stranger, but I have just arrived in this town. I want some information from you."

"Well, go ahead," replied the officer, "but don't go sneaking around like a burglar!"

"No, sir, I am not that kind. Have you got a postoffice in this town?"

"Oh, yes," was the answer.

"You have a main postoffice, I suppose? If I should go to that postoffice, and not find a letter for me, could I go elsewhere and inquire?"

"Yes, fifty other places. What do you think we are, anyhow?"

"Sir, I was told this was a very small, old-fashioned town. I was told, sir, that you had only one postoffice, and that it was opened for only two hours a day. You say there are more than fifty postoffices here, do you?"

"Yes, I do!"

"Then, sir, I beg your pardon. I beg the pardon of the whole town. Instead of finding things here as they told me I would, I find you large and liberal and expansive. They told me the police force were little runts of men, and that they would run away if you said boo! to them. They deceived me, sir. I find you a large and liberal man and you are not afraid of all the boo's."

And, two minutes later, he found himself in a patrol wagon.

❦ ❦ ❦

A Letter to the Editor.

(Sent in with a manuscript by a contributor.)

Dear Editor:
Herewith my child
Into your keeping I entrust;
Grant it the milk of mercy mild,
Nor reconsign it to the dust.

See how it prattles and it smiles
To win its way into your heart,
Employing only baby guiles,
All innocent of other art.

But if it prove perverse and rude
(As orphaned children often do),
Cheer up, for I've an endless brood:
I'll straight another send to you!

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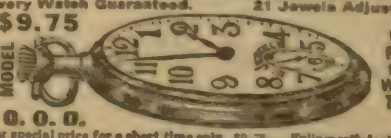

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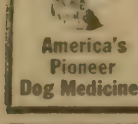

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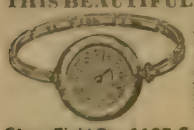

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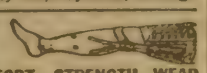

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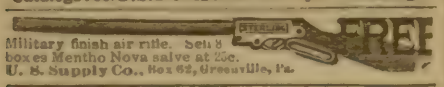

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The Fire Ranger of Summit Peak

(Continued From Page 7)

while on his harmonica he charmed it with such classics as "Turkey in the Straw," "Arkansaw Traveler," and "Pop Goes the Weasel."

The ranger was looking at the papers, but he was not seeing them. He was seeing a wonderful, dark-eyed, rosy-cheeked, laughing girl cantering along the trail on a sorrel bronco, her raven hair blowing in the fragrant, pine-scented breeze. Without realizing what he was doing he arose and went to the window which looked out upon the ranch below.

There were lights in the lower windows down there while one faint dot broke the darkness of the upper story. The small light apparently was a candle and it was moving back and forth across the expanse of glass. Rader wondered if perhaps the small but firm hand of Kate might not be moving the light and all at once, like an explosion, the sense of danger flashed into his mind. The tiny light in the upstairs window of the ranchhouse, whether intentionally or not, was signaling the international code for attention!

An exclamation broke from the ranger's lips, as he leaped to the shelf where lay his flashlight. As his hand closed upon it, he leaned across the table and blew out the lamp.

"Hey, what't'ell's happened?" exclaimed Harmonica in alarm and promptly fell over the woodbox in his haste to reach his partner's side, while the chipmunk tumbled unceremoniously to the floor, fled to a quiet corner and set up a startled yapping.

"Look," directed Rader, in a choked voice, while with his flash he directed a steady glow toward the Pringle ranch. At the same time the candle ceased moving and with a sigh of relief the ranger cut off his light. She had seen his signal.

Then came the message, slowly wigwagged out with the delicate light. First pausing to indicate a central point, the light traveled left, right, left, right and paused. "C" breathed both men at once. Left, left, left, pause. "O" came from the watchers. Left, left, pause; right, pause; "Come!" exclaimed both in the same breath.

"That's enough for me," said Harmonica hastily. "I'll saddle up and you get the rest of it."

During what seemed ages to the tortured man at the window, the twinkling light below flashed to the right and left, paused, and then once more to the left. "At" whispered the ranger and he knew what the next word would be. It came as he expected and was followed by "a-m i-n g-r-e-a-t t-r-o-u——" and then Harmonica Dunne called from the outside. Rader turned the steady light of his flash on for a space of three seconds, then plunged thru the door and leaped to Dan's back.

IF THERE ever was any virtue in the ancient phrase that "blood will tell" it was proven that night in the wild ride down the mountain. Over a trail where an ordinary horse would have to pick his steps in broad daylight, the sure-footed, hill-bred mustangs, absorbing something of the spirit of their masters, plunged downward at a speed unbelievable. Occasionally one or the other would slip, but, recovering instantly, they dashed on, followed by a continual clatter of loosened stones and a trail of sparks.

Almost together they reached the highway and swung up toward the ranch. As they slowed up at the house, two other dripping horses stood with lowered heads and wheezing nostrils before the hitching rack. Thru the window they could see standing together on one side of the room, Kate Pringle and Cal Hawkins. Before them, his face white and twitching wavered the Reverend Meredith of Custer, while facing the group, his back to the window, a watch in one hand and a revolver in the other, stood Jesse.

The tableau was only too eloquent. Evidently the brother had locked the girl upstairs and left Hawkins on guard below, while he rode to town and under some pretext or another secured the minister. That Meredith had been ignorant of the real state of affairs was evident from his present attitude.

"God!" choked Rader and jerked forth Harmonica's revolver, which he still carried. In a flash Dunne seized his arm and dragged him away.

"Don't be a fool," he hissed. "What if you missed him? Do you want him to shoot her? An' if you did kill him then where the h—l'd you be at? Now listen to me."

From the tense room came the harsh voice of Pringle. "You've got one minute left," he advised the preacher. "Are you goin' to do it or climb the golden stairs?"

The preacher open and shut his mouth like a fish out of water. Hawkins held the girl by one wrist and grinned. The girl, lips pressed tight together and outwardly the calmest one of the group, kept her eyes fastened on the door at her brother's left. Outside a figure left the window and swiftly circled the house toward the door. There was a moment of tense silence in which the hammer of a gun was pulled back.

"Well, you're time's nearly up," announcer Pringle.

"But—it—it—wouldn't be legal," wailed the weakening minister. "There's no—no license."

"You can't start nothin' till morning," Pringle told him, "and by that time it'll be legal enough. Well——"

Crash! The window directly in Pringle's rear was shivered to fragments. With an oath he whirled and sent a bullet thru the opening, while on the instant the door, now at his back, opened noiselessly. A figure shot across the room and Black Jess felt the discomforting muzle of a gun jammed against his kidneys.

"Put 'em up!" demanded an icy voice and Pringle got his hands above his head just as Harmonica slipped into the room. The girl, leaning against the wall, was sobbing between the fingers covering her face. Hawkins was shivering in the corner and the preacher had collapsed in a chair where he was trying to regain his professional calm and mop the cold perspiration from his face.

While Rader continued to keep the revolver pressed with unpleasant force against Pringle's back, Harmonica reached up and took the big rancher's gun from his hand. Then he proceeded to procure an excellent horsehair lariat from a peg on the wall and hog-tie its swearing owner.

"Now, rattlesnake, we'll attend to you," Harmonica told Hawkins, at which that miserable little sinner set up a plaintive wail to be spared.

"Aw, shut up;" growled Dunne, "before I slam you one in the eye. What'll we do with him, Buck? Here, I've got it. We'll leave his hands loose, then we'll lay him on a chair and tie his feet up over the back. He'll have to fall off the chair before he can untie himself. Then he can let his friend loose."

In spite of the situation the ranger had to smile, and with Dunne's help the squirming and moaning little man was so trussed up, while Kate Pringle, assisted by the minister, packed up her belongings in four large paniers.

"Now don't get premature an' fall off before we get out," Harmonica warned Hawkins, "'cause if you do you'll be put right back again and then you'll have to take another bump."

Thruout it all Jesse Pringle sat securely tied to his chair, saying not a word, only his flashing eyes telling of the almost consuming rage within him. At last all preparations were made, and without looking at her brother Kate Pringle left his house. The preacher followed. As the ranger approached the door with the last pack Pringle stopped him.

"Rader," he said, calmly. "I'll get you for this."

"Pringle," answered Buck in tones just as even, "if you ever cross my path again I will shoot you on sight."

"Now, Cal, don't forget," advised Harmonica, "as soon as we get away you roll off the chair and untie yourself and be sure and let Jess loose. He's gettin' sorta peevish settin' there so long. Just to be sure you won't keep him waitin' I'll pull you over here in front of him, so if you don't get goin' soon enough he can kick you over. I'll just blow out the light so you can have more fun with them knots."

Then as he closed the door there came from the room a burst of profanity punctuated by the sound of a falling chair and the thud of a body.

"There goes Hawkins," grinned Harmonica; then he sprung to his pony's back and followed the rest of the party toward the twinkling lights of Custer.

CHAPTER X.

IT WAS two days after the rescue of Kate Pringle and as yet no sign of trouble disturbed the lovers. The girl had gone to stay with friends in Custer until she somewhat recovered from the experience. The minister had been pledged to secrecy; neither Pringle nor Hawkins had been seen, and beyond the participants in the affair no one, outside of Supervisor Conroy, knew that anything was amiss.

Ranger Rader and Harmonica Dunne, on the supervisor's orders, closed the station during the day and rode the patrol together, Rader still carrying Dunne's revolver and Harmonica sporting the gun taken from Pringle.

Thus it was on the second day they rode in single file along the narrow trail which skirted Shelter Rock. Rader, riding ahead, was deep in thought, while Harmonica was just as deep in the difficult rendition of "Jazz Baby" on his mouth-organ.

As they came opposite Funnel Butte the mountain stillness was punctured by a spiteful "Crack!" and a bullet splattered against the rock above the ranger's head. With one accord both men whirled toward the Butte, Rader with gun in hand, and Harmonica trying to get his out of its holster without dropping his precious mouth-organ.

Over the edge of the Butte was visible a dark hat. The ranger took quick aim and fired three times in rapid succession. Neither of them, however, was prepared for the thing which next greeted their senses. From the top of the Butte came an agonized shriek. A man staggered to his feet, clutching at his head. He swayed a moment and sank out of sight. It was Pringle!-

"My God!" gasped the ranger, "I've killed him!"

"Selt-defense," replied Harmonica nonchalantly. I'm a witness. Gosh, he tumbled right over into the Butte, too. We won't even have to bury him."

They tied their ponies and started down the gulch. Rader's legs felt so weak he could hardly walk, while over and over his brain kept crying, "What shall I tell her? What shall I tell her?"

At last they reached the summit. Near the edge of the crater lay the hat, pierced by a bullet-hole. Beside it was a deer rifle on the stock of which were the initials, "J. P." A trail of blood led from near the hat and gun to the edge of the black and bottomless pit which was the cavity of Funnel Butte.

Sickened Rader turned and stumbled down the slope. Harmonica gathered up hat and gun and followed.

When they reached Custer Rader first went to Supervisor Conroy and together the three of them visited the office of the sheriff. The matter of bail was quickly arranged and while Harmonica returned to the Summit station Rader rode slowly toward the house which held all his hopes.

As he approached the gate Kate Pringle herself came forward to meet him. Her manner told him plainly that she already knew. Conroy, of course, had telephoned her. Well, the ranger was thankful for that, anyway.

Silently they returned to the house. Rader sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands. For a moment the girl stood staring at him uncertainly, then she came over and with one arm about his shoulders, ran her free hand thru his hair.

"Buck, dear," she whispered, "can't you—say something?"

"What can I say?" he asked hopelessly. "It is the end of—everything."

"No—no; don't say that," she begged. "I know you—you didn't——"

"Oh, I don't know how it happened," said the ranger in a dull voice. "It all was so sudden. I didn't know who it was until after I fired. Then—it was too late."

"I know—I know," murmured the girl as she dropped to her knees before him. "It wasn't your fault. You acted in self-defense."

"Oh, yes, I know that—but can't you

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see, that doesn't excuse the crime! This is the end—for us."

"But, after all, dear, it was all between two men with equal chances. You said that yourself once. I was not to blame. Why should my happiness be forfeited, my life ruined, because of something I could in no way help? Why? Why?"

"Yes, I've thought of all that," replied the man, unmoved. "It seems unfair, but—but he was your brother."

"My brother!" exclaimed the girl. "Oh, my dear, after that night—it seems so long ago—oh, I can't think of it."

"I know—but we have a bigger debt to the world than we have to ourselves. Regardless of what we know of him, to the world he was your brother. It would always stand between us, dear, can't you see that? Even if we could forget it the world would not. It would be forced upon us at every step. It's—it's against every conventionality we know. A man can't—he can't marry the sister of the man he has—killed."

"But I—why must I—oh, I won't shield even his memory any longer. It was he who trapped and shot you. I know. I suspected and followed them, but I was too late. And then—that awful night. He—he saw me in your arms. He heard my promise and then—oh, it's hard to speak of it even now. He said if I wanted—he used terrible words—he said he'd get a man for me if I wanted one so bad."

"I know, dear, I know. It makes me feel that I could kill him again when I think of how he treated you, but—it all seems so small now—everything he did—compared to this. I—oh, I've got to get away and think!"

"Then you are going to leave me?" cried the girl.

The ranger could not answer.

To his ears came a long drawn cry of agony and Kate Pringle sank to a sobbing huddle at his feet. Rader stooped and carried her tenderly to a couch. Spasmodically she clung to him, weeping. One long kiss he pressed on her trembling lips, then freeing himself, he rushed to the door and was gone.

CHAPTER XI.

FOLLOWED a week of quiet in the Hills; a week of torture to Ranger Rader in his station on Summit Peak. Even Harmonica Dunne, with his music and his trained chipmunk and his light-hearted nature failed to lift the cloud of gloom from the shoulders of the despondent man.

"God, if only something would happen," cried the ranger one night. "This inactivity is tearing my nerves to strings."

His prayer, if such it could be called, was soon answered. The next day dawned still and warm. Even the early morning was sultry and by midforenoon the air was almost suffocating. It was then that from his lookout tower Ranger picked up a spiral of smoke six or eight miles to the west. He watched it a moment thru his glass. There had been no recent storms in this section, he reflected, so undoubtedly the fire had been started by careless campers.

When he had secured the location, by aid of that most efficient machine known as the Osborne fire-finder, the ranger called his district office and reported the blaze to Supervisor Conroy.

"It's a devil of a day for it," observed the supervisor in a voice which seemed to drip perspiration. "All right, Buck; I'll get hold of Charley Tait; he's over there somewhere."

For a few minutes Rader watched the fire's progress, then turned and leisurely made out the report. It was perhaps a half hour later when he turned idly to see if there was any change in the size of the smoke and his chair overturned with a clatter as he leaped to his feet. Two more smokes were arising in the same vicinity!

Quickly the ranger adjusted his fire-finder and sighted it on the new blazes. They were spaced almost exactly at half-mile intervals from the first and even before he finished his work his eye caught sight of still a fourth just springing into being a half-mile or so further to the right.

Frantically the ranger gave the long-short-long call for Custer and hastily reported to his chief.

"What!" yelled Supervisor Conroy, completely jarred out of his usual reserve. "What the devil is it—a habit?"

"There's something mighty peculiar about the thing, Jim," admitted Rader. "The way they are so evenly spaced and swinging around in a continuous circle makes it look like a firebug to me. Maybe someone ought to ride across to the north and see if we can head him off. He's traveling in that direction and maybe—— Good Lord, there goes another one!"

"Where?"

"Right in line. Say, if it keeps up the whole valley will be surrounded."

"Listen, Buck; I'm going to send out a call for every ranger and rancher within twenty miles. You lock up and ride north and see if you can cut him off."

As Rader hung up, his telephone set up the call for his station. He jerked the receiver to his ear.

"'Lo, Buck," came the voice of Harmonica Dunne. "I cut in from the Deadhorse box an' got the dope. What d'you want me t'do?"

"Conroy's sending out a general alarm," replied Rader hastily. "You deputize everybody you see and beat it over along the Oreville road till you hit the fire line."

"Right-o. I'll hike up an' nail Cal Hawkins first."

Quickly the ranger drew on his map a line joining up the fires, and by carrying the line further he soon led it into the old Deadwood trail. "That's where he's heading for," deducted Rader. "He rode out on the Bear Mountain trail and then cut across, setting fires as he goes. When he hits the Deadwood trail he'll follow it to the Hill City road and then get away quick, either to the north or south. No, if he comes south he'll run right into the circle of fire. He'll go north."

Pushing the tough mustang to the utmost, Rader galloped out on the Hill City road. After a half hour he came to the place where the old Deadwood trail joined the highway. Eagerly he scanned the ground. Sure enough, there plainly showed the hoofmarks of one or perhaps two, horses, leading from the trail to the road. He was too late. Of course, if any one had come south the ranger would surely have seen them. He had met no one. For a moment he sat undecided. Should he ride northward on the small chance of overtaking his quarry, or take the trail to the fire? In his moment of undecision his ears caught the sound of hoofbeats sweeping down from the north.

Rader waited. After a few seconds, in a cloud of dust, came five men, headed by Ranger Cline of Hill City, on their way to the fires.

"Hello, Dick," greeted Rader. "Meet anybody on the road?"

"Not a soul, Buck," returned Cline. "If I had I'd have grabbed them and brought 'em along. Going over to the line?"

The party swung off onto the old and little-used trail, where they soon were forced to walk their horses. Rader, keeping in the rear, was closely examining the ground for signs of tracks leading off the trail. He had a deep suspicion now that the person or persons responsible for the fires had come thru here either the night or day before and planted some sort of devices along the old trail which would start the fires at a set time.

A small charge of loose powder would do it, but obviously no time fuse of sufficient length could have been used. The theory of a clock arrangement seemed hardly logical. Of course, even a dozen cheap alarm clocks could be purchased without any great expense, but the clocks would remain as evidence which might very easily be followed. In any event, the best course seemed to be to get at the origin of one of the many blazes and see if there was any evidence.

Much sooner than Rader anticipated the party arrived at one end of the fire line. Here, slashing away with axes, hoes, picks, rakes and shovels, were a dozen ranchers and half as many foresters. In the group were Harmonica Dunne and Cal Hawkins. Harmonica had caught the herder and delightedly sworn him into service, an oath which no resident in the hills dare refuse, and now the forester was taking great delight in working the sheepman to the limit.

Cline, as senior officer, took charge of the forces and laid out his plan of attack. As the men began clearing a trench around the blaze Rader became more and more puzzled as he scanned his surroundings.

"This doesn't seem to be four miles

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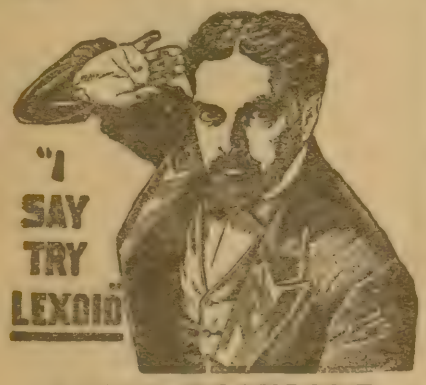

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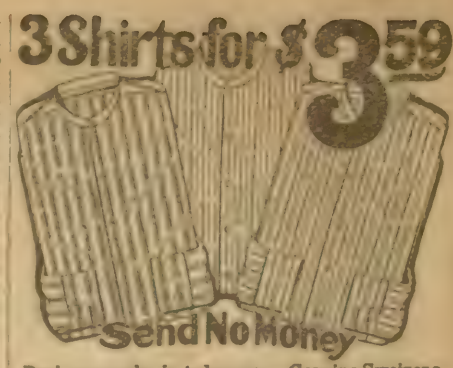

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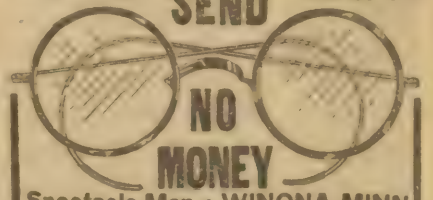

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Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
30 x 3	$5.75	$1.75	32 x 4	$10.00	$3.00	34 x 4½	$13.00	$3.45
31 x 3	6.75	1.95	34 x 4	11.00	3.00	33 x 5	14.00	3.45
32 x 3½	7.00	2.15	33 x 4½	11.00	2.75	34 x 5	14.00	3.45
31 x 4	8.00	2.25	32 x 4½	11.00	2.85	35 x 5	14.00	3.75
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Tubes all fresh high grade make—guaranteed for one year. State whether S. S. Cl., plain tread or non-skid is desired. But send no money! We'll ship your order subject to examination on delivery. 5% special discount allowed on orders paid in advance. Order now while prices are down to rock bottom. Mail it today.

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If you are embarrassed by a pimply, blotchy, unsightly complexion, try Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap *regularly* for a week and see if they do not begin to make a blessed difference in your skin.

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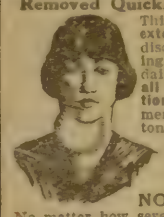

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from the road," he observed to Dunne.

"Four miles," repeated Harmonica. "It's two an' a half."

"Two and a half!" exclaimed Rader. "Why the last fire I reported was——"

"Aw, you're a back number," Harmonica grinned thru the smoke-blackened haze. "There's nine goin' on now."

"Then there's going to be more," declared Rader. "Say, Cline, give me three men. I'm going back over the trail. Tnere's going to be something start back there, sure's you're born."

"Good Lord, Buck," groaned Cline, "if you can stop anything go to it. There's enough goin' on now. Take Dunne and Porter—you, too, Hawkins. I'll give you an hour and if I need you in a hurry two shots is the signal."

Quickly the party of men detailed secured their horses and with Rader in the lead, started back over the trail. Harmonica brought up the rear.

They had gone nearly a half-mile, the ranger inspecting every inch of the ground even more closely than before, when a sudden commotion caused him to look around. What he saw was Harmonica Dunne, his pinto crowded in on the narrow trail beside Hawkins, Harmonica's left hand clutching the collar of the herder's shirt and his right jabbing a revolver in the man's back.

"Wait a minute, Buck," called Harmonica. "This is the place. Be careful, now, an' look around."

"What do you mean, this is the place?" asked Rader.

"I'll tell you. I been suspicious of this skunk all along. Ever since we started he's been nervous an' trying to get somethin' outa his pocket without me seein' him. Then when we get near here he's more fidgety than ever an' he keeps lookin' off to the left. I'm tellin' you this is the place. Look for yourself—somethin's goin' to happen."

"Hawkins, said the ranger sternly, "if youre responsible for this you know——"

"No, I tell you," expostulated the thoroly frightened little man. "I didn't do it! I didn't do nothin'! I don't know——"

"There she goes!" yelled Harmonica. "Look up ahead there!"

All eyes turned. In the crotch of a pitch-oozing pine tree a few yards distant a tiny smoke suddenly went curling upward, changing into a blaze as they watched.

Rader rode forward to the tree, reached up and pulled something from a branch overhead, then with his gloves he beat out the blaze before it reached the rosin-filled needles and cones.

At the instant that all eyes were held by this phenomena Hawkins slipped something from his pocket and threw it into the brush. But Harmonica was watching him as well as the blaze. Promptly following the action he reversed his gun and brought the heavy butt down on the herder's cranium. As Hawkins slid from his saddle Harmonica leaped from his pinto and ducked into the brush.

Did Cal Hawkins start the fires, and if so, what method did he employ to bring about a series of blazes that threatened to encircle the valley? If he recovers from Harmonica Dunne's blow a confession may be wrung from him; the forest rangers have a certain way of making a culprit tell what he knows, if he values his life. Perhaps the frightened sheep-herder will import a tale that will amaze his captors. Don't miss the concluding part in next week's Ledger.

Discussing Coralene's Career

"YOU haven't laughed for ten minutes," said the handsome senior to the pretty co-ed whom he had met just emerging from the library. "Is something wrong?"

"I've stopped being so silly and everything," the pretty co-ed announced emphatically. "I graduate in June and I've had to decide about my career!"

"Career!" cried the handsome senior, "I thought you were going with your family up to our lake as usual! I——"

"Oh, I shall probably go to the lake," the pretty co-ed conceded. "I am not going to be foolish and unbalanced. After all this college grind I intend to recuperate, of course, and start in strong and healthy——"

"But," went on the handsome senior, "I thought you had planned to go to California next winter while I was getting established in business and then——"

"I wish you wouldn't look so far ahead," the pretty co-ed told him severely. "Why don't you remind me what I had planned to do thirteen years from now? I simply have got to have a career of some sort, Harold, or else I'll be a parasite. We heard all about that in the psychology class and I am amazed that you have forgotten it!"

"What career have you in mind?"

"You can't decide a thing like that offhand," explained the pretty co-ed. "That's what's worrying me. Whenever I make up my mind somebody explains to me why I can't do it. After I had decided to open a really decent lunchroom around here where you could get good things to eat I was discouraged by everybody. They seemed to think that if you opened a lunchroom you ought to know how to cook and goodness knows I'm too busy to fuss in the kitchen!"

"Ridiculous!" said the young man. "I expect they were afraid you would run them out of business, because you certainly are smart, Coralene! But——"

"Anyhow, it wouldn't be nice in hot weather," she proceeded. "I had thought of being appointed president of the firm or ambassador to the Philippines.

"But whenever I mentioned the idea everybody said, 'Do you understand stenography and typewriting?' As tho I wanted to waste time on humdrum things like that. A private secretary certainly has stenographers to do the work.

"Loads of fashionable women run expensive dress shops," went on the pretty co-ed. "And they make bushels of money. It is really quite a swagger thing to do. I could have my reception room in mauve and gray and charge thousands—and then a lot of folks I mentioned it to asked, 'Can you design clothes?' Why should I when there are so many perfectly good fashion magazines floating around?"

"I have a splendid idea," the handsome senior told her.

"What is it?" breathlessly inquired the intense and pretty co-ed. "Oh, Harold, are you my only friend?"

"I agree with you that you should have a career," the handsome senior said. "You can't cook, you can't sew, you can't seem to do much of anything, Coralene, so I think the best thing you can do is to marry me this fall—and we shall board for a while till you take some domestic science and are able to start in on the grandest career of all—housekeeping!"

"Oh, my goodness!" said the pretty co-ed, dubiously. "Well, maybe I could learn all those things this summer at our cottage at the lake! Then—we wouldn't have to board!"

⁂

At the Hat Sale.

"HOW do you like my new hat?" said the magnificent matron to the poor insignificant inkslinger whose business it was to pay the bills.

"How much did it cost?" temporized the inkslinger. "And what was the matter with the old one?"

"I guess my old one was all right," replied the magnificent matron, doubtfully. "But don't you think this one is nicer?"

"Well, that's for you to decide," replied the patient, long-suffering man. "If there was any doubt in your mind as to the better qualities of the new hat, why discard the old hat for the new one?"

"Well, I hadn't fully decided to discard my old hat and buy the new one, but the people at the store went ahead and sold my old one while I was trying on a new one.

"It was a $2 hat sale, and every hat in the store was $2. Mrs. Jellybean and I got there early, but there were lots of bargain-hat buyers there just the same.

"In fact, the counters were crowded and jammed with bargain-hunting ladies. Hats were flying in the air. I grabbed one that I liked and rushed to the nearest mirror to see how it looked. I laid my old hat aside to try on the new one and, lo and behold! somebody came along and mistook my hat for one of the bargain hats and bought it! So what could I do but keep the hat I was trying on when mine was sold?"

"How did Mrs. Jellybean make out?" inquired the patient man. "Did she swap off her old hat for a new one the same way? And is she pleased with her trade, or is she doubtful about it, the same as you are?

"That's some game, the hat-swapping game! It's kind of like swapping horses, which was one of the most thrilling features of business life in the old days. I wonder if the $2 hat-swapping game is as much fun as the old horse-trading game was! And is this bargain counter a sort of general clearing-house or swapping-market where anybody can swap off any kind of hat she wants to get rid of for a new one?"

"But you don't always get a new one!" exclaimed the inkslinger's son and heir. "Sometimes you get some one else's discard. Say, I'll bet the women who think they're getting new hats and find after they get home that they have purchased somebody else's old second-hand, used and rebuilt bonnet raise an awful howl! Better look inside yours, ma, and see whether the hatman's name is on the inside."

The magnificent one did so and uttered a scream of anguish!

⁂

A Bad Crash.

PETERS—I hear Randall got kicked out of the house when he asked old Walters for the hand of his daughter. Was he hurt much?

Poiser—Yes. He reckons he came out so fast that he collided with himself going in.

Prices Smashed

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GUARANTEED 6,000 MILES

Here is the absolute limit in tire bargains. Our high grade reconstructed tires are built for **6000 Miles Service.** All with genuine Miller, Firestone, and Mohawk new treads bought direct from the factory at smashed prices. Do not confuse these **new tread tires** with sewed or repaired ones. Our special high pressure curing process gives **long mileage** and **new appearance.**

SEND NO MONEY!

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30x3	$8.25	33x4	$12.35
30x3½	8.95	34x4	12.75
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		35x4	16.35
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With every one of our specially constructed new tread tires we will give **absolutely free** a brand new guaranteed standard make inner tube.

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Cured His Piles

Now 88 Years Old But Works At Trade of Blacksmith and Feels Younger Since Piles Are Gone.

The oldest active blacksmith in Michgan is still pounding his anvil in the town of Homer—thanks to my internal method of treating piles.

Mr. Jacob Lyon, Homer, Mich.

I wish that you could hear him tell of his many experiences with ointments, salves, dilators, etc., before he tried my method. Here is a letter just received from him:

Mr. E. R. Page, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir: I want you to know what your treatment has done for me. I had suffered with piles for many years and used suppositories and all kinds of treatments, but never got relief until I tried yours. Am now completely cured. Although I am 88 years old, and the oldest active blacksmith in Michigan, I feel years younger since the piles have left me. I will surely recommend it to all I know who suffer this way. You can use my letter any way you wish and I hope it will lead others to try this wonderful remedy.

Yours truly,

J. L. LYON.

There are thousands of afflicted people suffering with piles who have never yet tried the one sensible way of treating them.

Don't be cut. Don't waste money on foolish salves, ointments, dilators, etc., but send today for a Free Trial of my internal method for the healing of Piles.

No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development—whether it is occasional or permanent—you should send for this free trial treatment.

No matter where you live—no matter what your age or occupation—if you are troubled with piles, my method will relieve you promptly.

This liberal offer of free treatment is too important for you to neglect a single day. Write now. Send no money. Simply mail the coupon—but do this now—TODAY.

FREE PILE REMEDY

E. R. Page,
382 K Page Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

Please send free trial of your Method to:

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The Race Across the Continent

(Continued From Page 14)

cidly over the after-dinner coffee. The evening journals were more eagerly scanned. The very latest editions of the there was little advantage either way. It was apparent, however, that all records both for the trip and shorter runs between New York and Chicago would be broken. The windows on the heights were yet brilliant with the evening sun when the yard rails in Chicago quivered under the specials; and twilight was still lingering while they sped swiftly down into the western darkness. As late as midnight lantern-lighted crowds gathered even at the small stations and watched them go by. The continent went to bed late.

Over night the interest grew, and the next morning, away down in the little plains towns of western Texas, and up along the Canadian border, and far up in the woods of Maine, good citizens went out in their shirt sleeves before breakfast to search dewy lawns for local four-page dailies to find out "how that race was comin' on." In the cities the morning dailies gave over two or more columns on the first page, illustrated from "latest photographs," to the race. Business men breakfasted with their papers propped up before them. At luncheon, when the trains were far west of the Missouri, they were asking each other if "they had begun to issue extras yet." The goal was but a few hours distant, yet none could say, reading the reports, that the one special or the other held the advantage. There was no trickery, for every employe, from the trackwalker to the superintendent of lines, west of the Missouri River felt that the honor of the road was at stake; the race was to be won fairly or lost honorably. No suspicion attached to the Denver Road when a grain wagon was stalled on a road crossing at a grade just out of Topeka, delaying the other line's special three minutes. The driver fled for his life while the angry train crew in unloading the wagon wrecked both it and its contents.

Superintendents of dvisions sat at the elbows of chief operators, who, greater than Ajax, not only defied by controlled lightning, and with steady precision hurled messages along the wires. Master mechanics donned overalls and jumpers and crawled beneath impatient, throbbing locomotives that waited just inside yard limits. Roadmasters on three-wheelers anxiously rode up and down their divisions, inspecting every rail, while for five hundred miles the sectionmen were scattered, a long line of guards, with the foremen as officers. Up in the general office the clerks neglected important work, and the general superintendents, who received reports from the stations as the specials passed, were targets for inquiries by telephone and messenger from the other heads of departments. Out on the road operators kept one finger on the key and grimly turned a deaf ear to all questions.

In the larger cities crowds surged about the bulletin boards of the newspapers. Typesetting machines were kept waiting, melting hot for the finish. On 'Change pandemonium asserted its divine right, for the magnitude of the prize at stake was now fully understood—individuals were swallowed up in an angry roar of voices and a turbulent sea of arms, hats and heads.

Red Brush, a hundred miles east of Mesquite City, is not without importance, in the opinion of its inhabitants, and on this particular day, tho the world with its eyes on the other metropolis overlooked it, was not entirely without excitement. Mesquite City might be the goal of a railroad race, but Red Brush had Blossen Bros.' Great Three-ring Circus and Colossal Menagerie, and still help up its head proudly. The exhibition grounds adjoined the railroad right-of-way, and now, at 1 o'clock, the Denver Road special being almost due, it was decided to postpone the grand balloon ascension until after it had passed.

In the yard there was haste and confusion. In order to clear the special a livestock extra must sidetrack here, and tho the dispatcher had correctly calculated that the two sidings would accommodate both the circus train and the extra, he did not foresee the necessity for reswitching the circus cars. So when the elephant cars and the hippopotamus heavy tank car were again on the main line, ready to be kicked into place on the near siding, the conductor in charge breathed a sigh of relief; he had at least ten minutes to spare.

A faint tremor ran along the eighty-pound steel rails. The special was coming. Every moment the image of the great ten-wheeler, with her little funnel set high on the big body, heaving torrents of smoke into the sky, grew larger and larger. As she went by the spinning six-foot drivers were blurred discs. Up in the cab, old John Stevens, with lips closed in a horizontal line and with eyes straight ahead, felt her respond to the very touch of the hand on the lever. The fireman, stripped to the waist, was throwing coal into the gaping furnace with immense energy.

Back in the private car, "Esmeralda," the first vice president sat, playing chess with his secretary. The first vice president was the image of imperturbability. His skull cap was drawn down carefully over the little hair remaining above his temples. His high forehead was uncreased and his deep-set blue eyes fathomless. There was no trace of agitation about the firm mouth, with its somewhat pendulous lower lip; the aggressive lower jaw, which even the double chin could not altogether hide, had the poise of confidence. He sat comfortably in his easychair, tho, like the locomotive ahead, he was possessed of an "extension front." The secretary was a reflection of his impassability, only now and then he stole glances at the speed indicator, watched the telegraph poles that seemed almost to blend together, or gazed intently out across the prairie where, fifteen miles away and abreast, a wavering line of smoke lifted itself into the sky, for a moment, perhaps, hiding behind some knoll, only to break forth anew at another point—farther west.

It was an even race, this, with roadbed against roadbed, rolling stock against rolling stock and men against men.

The first vice president was studying the board, when the wheels began to grind. Air was being applied. He looked up and glanced at the secretary from beneath his shaggy eyebrows. "See what the trouble is, please," he said—and went on studying the board.

The special slackened its speed and then stopped. The white canvas of the circus, and the flags fluttering in the strong east breeze, could be seen. Strains of "Hail, the Conquering Hero Comes" floated in thru the window.

Ten seconds later the secretary came in, accompanied by a conductor, white and shaking, with great beads of perspiration standing on his face.

"It's the hippopotamus car, sir," he burst out. "She jumped the rail at the switch—wouldn't take the frog. We tried to drag her down the switch, but her weight's at the wrong end and now she's settin' sideways on the track. You see her flanges was wore thin an'——"

"Excuse me," said the first vice-president, "is there any dynamite in town?"

The conductor threw up his hands.

"We thought of that—but they don't use it here. George phoned and sent messengers. There ain't a thing that'll blow her up."

The first vice-president rose to his feet quickly. In a moment he was beside the derailed car. He glanced around comprehensively. "Three engines and all on the wrong side," he said reflectively. He examined the position of the car, looked intently at the stenciled weight, and then said to the conductor:

"You will need a wrecking outfit, I think. Better ask the superintendent for help." Then he put his hands back in his pockets, looked up, and said, "A circus in town, eh?"

But the secretary, with despair in his heart, was watching a thin line of smoke across the southern sky—and far to the west.

The first vice president gazed at the white tent thoughtfully. The wind was driving striped peanut sacks and pieces of torn posters westward along the streets and across vacant lots; the captive balloon was tugging at the ropes. A hundred miles to the west rose the blue masses of the Rockies.

"Other folks besides aeronauts have their ups and downs, I've noticed," said a voice at his side.

The first vice president turned his head. The speaker was a young man, fair, with twinkling eyes and a humorous mouth. He was plainly dressed, but as he spoke he opened his coat, as if carelessly, and revealed beneath the costume of an aeronaut. There was something in the tone of the remark that impressed the railroad official.

"Yes," said he, "and we all have a common consolation—when we are down we may still hope to go up again."

"By rising to the occasion," returned the areonaut reflectively.

The first vice president drew his hands from his pockets, for a moment looked straight into the eyes of the balloonist, again turned his eyes to the balloon and called to his secretary.

"Have the car at Mesquite City tomorrow at 4 p. m., where I will meet you. By the way, keep this crowd here a bit if you can; entertain 'em with a story—tell 'em about the trip—tell 'em anything—and if they take you for the first vice president who has lost the greatest race of the century, so much the better."

The secretary mounted the car steps, almost hopefully; he had been with the first vice president for ten years and had not known him to fail on important occasions, yet surely now drowned honor were beyond the reach of fathom line. The crowd paid him close attention during his five minutes' speech, cheered him at the close and returned to the balloon ascension.

THE first vice president and the aeronaut climbed thru a broken-down fence and unobserved made their way to the tent.

"My stage name is Count Fallanoff, and I am the famous Russian aerialist touring the American continent for the first time," said the latter. "Yet, for all that, there is a dear girl in Cairo, Ill., waiting to marry me at the end of this season. I, too, am in trouble, for the cashier of a Chicago bank has just taken French leave and the bank's funds, and I cannot marry on nothing. With a profitless winter season staring me in the face, I am feeling much depressed. I must raise four hundred dollars with my balloon."

"How fast can you travel?" asked the first vice-president with apparent irrelevance as they reached the guy ropes of the great gas bag.

"That depends on the wind—you can't go against it. You are bound westward, I take it?"

The answer was an emphatic nod.

The aeronaut pulled a light silk American flag from under his coat and held it up. It streamed straight out, due west.

"I have traveled ninety miles an hour and I believe I can do that in this gale."

"Good!" exclaimed the first vice president. "You need not postpone the wedding."

As the gentleman with the flaring diamond and the bassoon voice made his announcement of the ascension, the famous aeronaut swung himself upon the trapeze, and, hanging by his toes, waved a graceful farewell to the crowd. The freed balloon, caught by the breeze, soared upward.

Meanwhile the civilized world was waiting for news. Bulletins of the progress of the Denver Road special suddenly stopped, tho every way station flashed back the passing time of its rival. Rumors of disaster were circulated, growing as they went. The officials of the Denver company declined to say anything, but it was not possible to conceal the disheartened air that pervaded the general offices. Then press dispatches brought the truth concerning the train, and Denver Road stock had a great slump.

* * * * * * *

Somers stopped the phonograph and leaned back in his chair with a half-sigh. Possibly he was a little disappointed at the result.

"Too bad to spoil so good a race that way," he said to himself.

As he passed out thru the door, he glanced upward. A balloon, rapidly falling, was coming from the east in gigantic descending curves. Its reckless downward swirl impressed him. At the same time he heard, away down the road, the thin piping of the whistle of an automobile. He sat down on the step. His smile returned.

A hundred yards down the hill, the balloon, making one last ineffectual effort to escape, was made captive by an anchor to a mountain oak, where it was held struggling. A rope ladder was uncoiled from the side of the basket, and down this with surprising rapidity came a familiar figure, a stout man with loosened waistcoat and a tall hat on the back of his head.

Even then Somers noted with amusement that a determined jaw was not hidden by a double chin.

The automobile was whistling at the last turn of the road.

The first vice president of the Denver Road adjusted his tie, dusted his hat and, avoiding the group of cacti, came up to the cottage.

"Good afternoon, Somers," he said,

BLADDER WEAKNESS

A famous European chemist has given the world a rare discovery that soothes and allays inflammation and Weakness of Bladder, and the

PROSTATE GLAND

It is embodied in our treatment, PRO-GLANDIN. Thousands are using it. Simple and safe for all who need relief from suffering.

If you want to enjoy unbroken rest all night, with ease, comfort and contentment, then use PRO-GLANDIN on Free Trial.

50c Pkg'e FREE

ALSO "SELF CARE" LEAFLET

To introduce we will give away 100,000 Packages sent, FREE, postpaid anywhere. Contains Trial supply of PRO-GLANDIN, and "Self Care" Leaflet telling how to treat yourself. Every Bladder or Prostate sufferer should read it. Send no money, just your address, and get all by return mail. Free.

E. P. WORTH 74 Cortlandt St. New York

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling

Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair

60c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

Hiscox Chem. Wks. Patchogue, N. Y.

Let Me Send You FREE on trial a Pair of Handsome Tortoise Shell Glasses

For many years people have been coming to me from every part of Chicago on account of my wide reputation for supplying glasses that fit. I am now offering the benefit of this wide experience to people everywhere. No matter where you live, I positively guarantee to give you a perfect fit or there will be no charge whatever. I promise to send you a pair of glasses that will enable you to see perfectly and satisfy you in every way, or you will owe me nothing. They will protect your eyes, preventing eye strain and headache. They will enable you to read the smallest print, thread the finest needle, see far or near.

SEND NO MONEY

I will not accept a single penny of your money until you are satisfied and tell me so. Simply fill in and mail the coupon below giving me all the information I ask for and I will send you a pair of my Extra Large Tortoise Shell Spectacles, for you to wear, examine and inspect, for ten days, in your own home. The glasses I send are not to be compared with any you have ever seen advertised. They are equal to spectacles being sold at retail at from $12.00 to $15.00 a pair. You will find them so scientifically ground as to enable you to see far or near, do the finest kind of work or read the very smallest print. These Extra Large Size Lenses, with Tortoise Shell Rims, are very becoming and your friends are sure to compliment you on your improved appearance. There are no "ifs" or "ands" about my liberal offer. I trust you implicitly. You are the sole judge. If they do not give you more real satisfaction than any glasses you have ever worn, you are not out a single penny. I ask you, could any offer be fairer?

SPECIAL THIS MONTH

If you send your order at once I will make you a present of a handsome Velveteen Lined, Spring Back, Pocket Book Spectacle Case which you will be proud to own. Sign and mail the coupon NOW.

Dr. Ritholz, Madison & Laflin Sts., Station D.R.140, Chicago, Ill., Doctor of Optics, Member American Optical Association, Illinois State Society of Optometrists, Graduate Illinois College of Opthomology and Otology, Famous Eye Strain Specialist.

Accept This Free Offer Today

Dr. Ritholz, Madison & Laflin Sts.,
Station D.R.140, Chicago, Ill.

You may send me by prepaid parcel post a pair of your Extra Large Tortoise Shell Gold Filled Spectacles. I will wear them 10 days and if convinced that they are equal to any glasses selling at $15.00, I will send you $4.49. Otherwise, I will return them and there will be no charge.

How old are you?.....

How many years have you used glasses (if any).....

Name.....

Post Office.....

R. R.....Box No.....

State.....

Distribute only 3 doz. pkgs. of our famous Soaps, Perfumes, etc., among friends and neighbors to introduce and we will send you free this magnificent 42-pce. gold and floral decorated China Dinner Set. No money or experience needed. 50 other fine premiums. Write for Free Sample Outfit.

TYRRELL WARD CO., 4531 Ravenswood Ave., CHICAGO

grasping the other's outstretched hand. "I was just going by and thought I'd drop in and accept your kind invitation. Incidentally, I'd like to buy your ranch—if no purchaser has appeared." He looked about inquiringly. The automobile was coming thru the orchard.

"The place is yours," said Somers.

The horseless machine snorted thru the gate and stopped with a cough of relief. Another heavy gentleman of rubicund appearance climbed ponderously down the step.

His expression never changed at the sight of the first vice president. If he were surprised he did not show it. He came up the path smilingly, giving as he went one comprehensive glance that took in earth and sky, and the balloon hitched to the treetop. He reached out both hands to his friends.

"We are glad to see you," said the first vice president, pleasantly, "but we did not look for you quite so soon."

The other smiled. "I am a little late," he said. "I came up to see the balloon ascension," and then he added in a disappointed tone, "I believe, tho, that there was no parachute jump."

Somers glanced at the automobile. "You should have hitched your wagon to a star. Come in, gentlemen. In view of my invitation, it is unnecessary to say that dinner is ready and covers are laid for three."

So it happened, paradoxically enough, that as the first vice president of the Denver Road went up the stock went down; but after he had made his descent the stock promptly rose again, and the metropolitan dailies late that evening contradicted in a second extra the news that appeared in the first.

Three weeks later, after a series of unparalleled transactions that threw the financial world into convulsions, the Denver Road and the Los Angeles Air Line were consolidated into one system, with the former's first vice president as chairman of the board and the latter's second vice president as president of the new corporation.

* * *

The Slabtown Slasher

BY M. QUAD.

IF WE miss an issue or two, we hope that none of our subscribers will complain. There is very little worth reading in our paper, and no one will lose much. Besides that, the editor must go on a coon hunt once in awhile to keep his wits brightened up. He shouldn't be a slave to anybody.

—

There was a funeral among the Kickapoo Indians two days ago. That is, a papoose about a year old got a fishbone in his throat and departed for a better land. The Indians began lamenting and hollering as they are wont to do, but the sawmill man came down and punched a few heads and made them quit. The dead was buried in a snow bank to wait for spring and soft ground.

—

We never knew how fast an editor could run until we were out hunting last week, and a bear took after us. He ran us a mile, and we gained on him at every jump and he was thoroly disgusted when he gave up the chase. We did not come out in the pine woods of Michigan to be chewed up my man or animal.

"We Gained on Him at Every Jump."

—

We have now 650 subscribers, about twenty of them who can read. The others use our paper as a porous plaster. Thus we cater to all classes as a newspaper should. When a circus agent comes along here to advertise, we can look him straight in the eye and give our circulation exact, and that is more than any weekly paper can do. There was no news last week had we issued our paper. All that would have interested readers was reports about grafting. They haven't sent any one to prison yet for this kind of stealing, and the chances are that they won't.

—

We set twenty Indians at work last Monday building a Slab Hall for us, and in two days they had finished their work. It is a public hall fifty feet long by twenty wide and will hold about six hundred people. The manager of the sawmill gave us the slabs for nothing, and the Indians used wooden pegs instead of nails.

—

The Kickapoo Indians love old roller composition as a woman loves her cud of gum. They chew it as a pig chews corn, and we can pay it out instead of cash every time. It seems to have a good effect on them. They are gradually turning to literary things, and before we get thru we shall get at least one of them to setting up job work. Any of our newspaper friends outside who may have a lot of this composition around the office will please forward it to us. We are the only man in the world that can make use of it.

—

Our new hall is to be named The Slabtown Literary Emporium, and it will stand at the head of our missionary work. We have adopted a regular program, and the Indians are mighty pleased, and the sawmill employes are waiting for the opening night with beating hearts.

—

Every Monday night, we shall give a lecture in the hall, the subject of our lecture being entitled, "Certain and Uncertain Things." The price of admission will be ten cents in cash or three coonskins in place of it. Squaws and papooses admitted free, and Old Kickhigh, the chief, will go around with a club and bring it down on the heads of the disorderly.

—

It will be "Certain" that we will soon have all the coonskins in northern Michigan, and it is "Uncertain" whether the Indians will have one or not. We have now about a thousand dollars' worth of furs, and when they are sold we shall be the most successful missionary ever sent among the heathens.

—

On Wednesday evenings ourselves and wife will sing. We shall sing Gospel Hymns, topical songs and old-fashioned melodies. We can't either one of us sing for shucks, but if we only make a noise, the Indians will cheer us. Those who don't cheer us will be fined five muskrat skins apiece. Old Kickhigh, the chief, will sing with us. He will just sing ha, ha, ha! and his deep base voice can be heard a mile away.

—

On Saturday evening ourselves and our wife will appear in theatricals, with frequent changes of costume. We have a play called the family row, and in that play I pull her around by the hair of her head and she breaks a chair over mine. This is a most exciting play, and we shall look for great and frequent applause. If we don't get it there will be more fines imposed, and we shall go home with a cartload of furs to add to our big store.

—

After the Saturday evening exercises there will be poker playing in which we will take the pot from Lo every time, and that will mean more furs and more watches for us. We came up here to make a success as an editor, and we believe we are on the road to make it.

Health!

Comes to you and the children if you have Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in the house. For "little-ones" and "grown-ups" this old fashioned vegetable tonic and blood-maker is still used by the million bottles every year. Make your blood better and your health better by going to your nearest druggist and obtaining Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in tablet or liquid form.

A healthy stomach turns the food we eat into nourishment for the blood stream and the nerves. No one suffers from colds or catarrh who has plenty of red blood corpuscles and good digestion. Catarrh in all its forms is a stagnation of the blood. Introduce pure, redder blood into the system, and health is assured. Dr. Pierce, over fifty years ago, gave to the public this alterative and blood tonic which he named his "Golden Medical Discovery." It is sold by all druggists the world over in tablets or liquid, and is just the thing to put the body in the best of condition. It is a tonic, alterative and nervine, which contains no alcohol, and has the ingredients printed on the label. "Golden Medical Discovery" assists the digestive functions, assimilating the food and taking from it what is necessary for feeding the blood. Thus the blood takes on a new vigor and vitality. This corrective remedy nature put in the forest for keeping us healthy. One feels strong, vigorous and full of "pep," instead of weak, nervous and "played out." Send 10c for trial pkg. of tablets to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., or, send for a free medical booklet on any disease or write for free medical advice.

MRS. DOLLIE DOTSON, Galax, Va. Winner of Car Awarded March 31, 1921.

"Yes, I Got My Dandy Five-Passenger Ford Touring Car A-B-S-O-L-U-T-E-L-Y FREE!"

She is the Winner of the EIGHTH Ford Touring Car We've Given Away

YOU CAN HAVE ONE TOO!

Someone who answers this ad and sends in his name and address will get this 5-pass. up-to-date 1921 Ford Touring Car, with electric light and self starter, absolutely FREE.

Solve the Puzzle.

In the scenery around the car in picture are hidden four faces. Find them and mark with an (x). Every man, woman, boy or girl who solves this puzzle will get a complete Ford Winning Outfit, telling of my great plan, and will be entered in contest for this FREE automobile.

2,000 FREE VOTES GIVEN

For prompt action, I will also give you 2,000 FREE VOTES—a big start toward winning the prize! **Send the puzzle today.**

Cash Commission and Extra Free Premiums.

In addition to votes toward the Ford, Cash commission and Free watches, knives, cameras, dinner sets, rings, fountain pens, etc., will be given to active contestants. The more votes you get, the more of the handsome Free premiums will be yours, and the better your opportunity of winning the Grand Prize Ford Automobile.

Anyone Can Do It.

It takes no special brains or training. The BIG FACTOR is an early start. The sooner you send in the puzzle, with your name and address, the greater your chance of winning. ACT AT ONCE AND WIN!

TRY YOUR LUCK! Send in the Puzzle TODAY SURE!

Dept. 243–W. D. BOYCE CO. 500 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

SONG POEMS WANTED

YOU WRITE WORDS FOR A SONG—WE write the music, publish, and secure a copyright. Submit poems on any subject. The Metropolitan Studios, 914 S. Michigan Ave., Dept. 212, Chicago, Illinois.

WRITE A SONG POEM—I COMPOSE MUsic and guarante publication. Send poem today. E. Hanson, 3810 Broadway, Room 113, Chicago.

I WANT SONG POEMS. CASPER NATHAN, 600 Manierre Bldg., Chicago.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

JEWELRY

ROYAL PINK PEARLS FROM THE Orient—Can't be told from the genuine—pronounced real by jewelers. Agent's sample ¼ inch size $1.00. Royal Pearls, P. O. Box 579S, Long Beach, Cal.

PHOTOGRAPHY

FREE ENLARGEMENT 5 x 7 INCHES FROM each roll sent us for developing and finishing. Mail your films today, or send for prices and particulars. Topeka Photo Supply Co., Box 427, Topeka, Kans.

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS. BOOKS, CARDS, LODEstone tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES

UNDERGROUND TREASURES—HOW AND where to find them; particulars for 2c. Model Co., Morton Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

HARES AND RABBITS

BIG SUMMER BARGAIN SALE 100 PUREbred Belgian hares, New Zealands, Flemish Giants, heavy-weights, pedigreed registered utility. Write for free descriptive list now. Satisfaction guaranteed. Grandview Rabbit Farm, 3114 Hamilton, El Paso, Tex.

MUSIC

A POSTAL WILL BRING OUR BULLETIN, the latest in sheet music, vocal and instrumental albums, beginners' book, player rolls, etc. Home Music Supply, 2059 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill.

MEN

WANTED—MAIL CLERKS. $135 MONTH. Particulars free. Franklin Institute, Dept. L 6, Rochester, N. Y.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information—The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next. W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED

WERE YOU EVER OFFERED A GROCERY store? You can handle sugar, flour, canned goods, dried fruit, coffee and entire line of groceries, as well as paints, roofing, aluminum ware and automobile oils, with no rent to pay; no money invested; take large orders from samples. Goods are guaranteed and proven quality. Selling experience not necessary. Steady, profitable work for "Workers." Address Hitchcock-Hill Co., Dept. 218, Chicago, Ill. References: Any Bank or Express Co.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS—$250 IN GOLD, ALSO GOLD watches, diamond rings, bicycles and 101 other prizes make our great "Mystery" candy proposition the biggest winner ever known—the rapid fire seller and quick repeater. Clear $10 to $20 a day or more selling to candy, drug, dry goods stores, cigar stands, etc. Build a permanent paying business. Once in stock the dealer keeps on ordering to supply constant demand. Your profits continue. Ask us for particulars. Send no money. Write quick before territory is gone. CANDY CRAFT, Inc., Dept. 15, 229 W. Madison St., Chicago.

AUTO OWNER TIRE AGENT WANTED each locality to use and take orders for hand-made Mellinger extra ply and cord tires; guaranteed by bond for 8,000 and 10,000 miles (no seconds); shipped prepaid on approval; get your tires free; no capital or experience required; make $100 to $300 weekly. Write for wholesale prices and sample sections. Mellinger Tire Co., 929-I Oak, Kansas City, Mo.

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY FOR ENERGETIC men and women who have confidence in their selling ability and can invest $16.00 to $32.00 in first order. We start you in permanent business selling toilet preparations put up under your own name. You make 120% to 150%. Work yourself or appoint your own agents. Milaire Co., 6113 Horton Place, St. Louis, Mo.

CREW MANAGERS—AGENTS. OPALINE paintings are a knock-out. Make old territory new. Seasoned picture men double their sale. Beginners make $1.00 an hour and more with rigs. Greatest hit ever made. Samples and expense money furnished. Write today. Consolidated Portrait Co., Desk A-12, 1029 W. Adams St., Chicago.

GENERAL AGENTS. SOMETHING NEW. Whirlwind seller. "Repeat" washing powder. Washes clothes without rubbing. Women throw away washboards. Big profits. Exclusive territory. Write today free package. Kittredge Co., 12 Putnam St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

NEWEST THING OUT—LITHOGRAM INItials for automobiles, motorcycles, canoes, golf sticks, tennis racquets, etc. Anyone can apply them in a jiffy. Sell to everybody. Set costs 15c; brings $1.50. Fast sales and big daily profits for agents. Write for catalog. Lithogram Company, Desk 22, East Orange, N. J.

PORTRAIT AGENTS—I MADE $50,000 CANvassing for portraits. I teach you free from "Good morning, lady" to "Thank you, madam." Credit you. Lowest prices. Guarantee delivery. Free circular, "Profits in Portraits," explains all. Friedman's United Art Studio, Dept. 1, 127 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

SELL MINITMEND FOR TIRES AND tubes; cost 2c repair; surpasses vulcanizing; save 500 per cent; every auto and accessory dealer buys; profits amazing; Shaw made $21 first day; Hart $155 first week. Particulars and free sample. Continental Rubber Co., Desk 40, Philadelphia, Penn.

AGENTS—SELL RICH-LOOKING IMPORTed 36x68 rugs, $1 each. Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in four days. Profits, $57. You can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug, prepaid, $1.39. E. H. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

WE PAY $50 A WEEK TAKING ORDERS for Insyde Tyres, inner armor for automobile tires. Guaranteed to give double tire mileage. Any tire. Prevents punctures and blowouts. Big demand. Low priced. Write quick for territory. American Accessories Co., B 313 Cincinnati, Ohio.

MAKE—600% PROFIT, FREE SAMPLES, lowest priced gold window letters for stores, offices. Anybody can do it. Large demand. Exclusive territory. Big future. Sideline. Acme Letter Co., 2806A Congress, Chicago.

LOST! BUNCH OF KEYS. WHAT WOULD you give to find them? Individual key chain tag, 50c. Most dependable protector for lady or gent. Saves worry and annoyance. Kerita Specialty Co., 21 Prospect St., Holyoke, Mass.

AGENTS! A SALE IN EVERY HOME FOR our beautiful dress goods, silks and general yard goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book of 1000 sample fabrics free to agents. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 16X, 425 Broadway, New York.

SELL PHONOGRAPH RECORD ALBUMS— Every phonograph owner will buy them to file and preserve records. 50% discount in dozen lots. Send today $1 for sample. Exclusive agency to live wires. Phonograph Supply House, 3535 Fifth Av., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS! HERE'S THE BIG MONEY GETter. You give pair dressmakers' shears free with each sale of "Winning 7" at $1.50. Everybody buys, 100% profit. $10-$20 daily profit. Particulars free. E. N. Davis, Dept. 409, Chicago.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISHing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $100.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. Z. Ragsdale Co., East Orange, N. J.

SELL PERFUME BLOCKS. ONE 50c BLOCK perfumes an entire room for months. Used in trunks, clothes closets, bureaus, sick rooms, enclosed automobiles, etc. 100% profit. International Chemical Co., Box 174H, Cleveland, Ohio.

AGENTS—LARGE MANUFACTURER WANTS agents to sell hosiery, underwear, shirts, dresses, skirts, waists, shoes, clothing, etc. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

BIG PROFITS SELLING DUPLEX TRANSformers. Every auto owner needs them. Saves gas. Banish spark plug trouble. Exclusive territory. Write quick. Jubilee Mfg. Co., 720, Sta. C, Omaha, Nebr.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET ARticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

NEW INVENTION. OIL GAUGE FOR Fords. Sells on sight. Big profits. Small investment. Exclusive territory. Unusual opportunity for agents and salesmen. Address Sales Mgr., 214, Sta. C, Omaha, Nebr.

SALES AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY county to give all or spare time. Position worth $750 to $1500 yearly. We train the inexperienced. Novelty Cutlery Co., 23 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR— Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 126 Olive, St. Louis.

350% PROFIT SELLING KLEAN-RITE Magic Clothes Washing Wonder. Sells 25c. Profit 19c. Sample free. Bestever Products Co., 1941-L Irving Park, Chicago.

AGENTS—GET OUR BUSINESS OFFER. "Chance of a lifetime." The Wagner Mfg. Co. 930 N. Mozart St., Chicago.

REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, O. GREATest dry goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted.

HELP WANTED

WANTED — HUNDREDS MEN - WOMEN over 17. U. S. Government office and outside positions. $1400 year. Write for list positions open. Franklin Institute, Dept. L 26, Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

BIG MONEY MADE SILVERING MIRRORS, metal plating, refinishing. Outfits furnished. Y. Decie Laboratories, 286 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MALE HELP WANTED

WANTED—1500 RAILWAY TRAFFIC INspectors; no experience; train for this profession thru sparetime home-study; easy terms; $110 to $200 monthly and expenses guaranteed, or money back. Outdoors; local or traveling; under big men who reward ability. Get free booklet CM-12, Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE, EXCELLENT OPPORtunity to earn big money, travel, thousands of dollars offered in rewards, established 1909, particulars free. Write to C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. TRAVEL. Great demand everywhere. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Write, American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, $140-$200, colored porters by railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 686 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Lucas, St. Louis.

MEN EARN $35 A WEEK MAILING LETters. Easy spare time work; experience unnecessary. Send stamped addressed reply envelope. V. Normande, 147 W. 23d St., New York.

$35 WEEK. BECOME AUTO EXPERTS. Men-boys. Earn while learning. Write. Franklin Institute, Dept. L 404, Rochester, N. Y.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BEGINNERS $200, later $300 monthly; railroads everywhere. Railway Association, Desk W-8, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SPLENDID CLERICAL WORK OPPORtunity. Spare or whole time. No canvassing, good money. Chautauqua Business Builders, Jamestown, N. Y.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNnecessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

MEN WANTED FOR DETECTIVE WORK. Experience unnecessary. Write J. Ganor, former U. S. Govt. detective. 100 St. Louis.

LOOK, MEN—20 LESSON INSTRUCTION Book free with detective course. Emerson Manning, Tappahannock, Va.

BECOME DETECTIVE — BIG PAY; EASY work; free particulars. Captain Wagner, 186 E. 79th, New York.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

GIRLS - WOMEN. BECOME DRESS - COStume designers. $150 month. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. L 505, Rochester, N. Y.

WATCH REPAIRING

WATCHES CLEANED FREE UNDER OUR direct to consumer plan. We repair watches at the wholesale cost of $2.55, cleaning free; for cleaning only we charge $1.50. All work guaranteed and promptly returned. Agents wanted. Midwest Watch Service, 25 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

JEWELRY

FRENCH PINK CAMEO-BROOCH. GOLD- gilt or silver finish, $2.50 per dozen to agents or sample 25c coin, our risk. U. S. Supply Co., Dept. 25, Atlanta, Ga.

MEDICAL

TO SUFFERING MEN AND WOMEN. IF you have lame back, failing memory, loss of ambition, despondency, unfitting you for the ordinary duties of life; or if afflicted with any chronic nervous, kidney or bladder disease. Remember; we are specialists in these diseases. Write; book symptom blank and advice free. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

SICK? TRY RADIUM-ENERGY AS APplied through Degnen's Radio-Active Solar Pad. Guaranteed. Liberal trial period given. Remarkable success in constipation, rheumatism, abnormal blood pressure, stomach, heart, liver, kidneys. No matter what your ailment try it at our risk. Write today. Radium Appliance Co., 172 Bradbury Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

RATTLESNAKE OIL SURE CURE FOR deafness, dryness and ringing in the head. Minnie G. Scruggs, Nezperce, Idaho.

PILES—CURED OR NO PAY; $2.00 IF cured. Remedy sent on trial. Kuro Remedy Company, Kansas City, Mo.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

HAVE YOU LOST IN OIL? IF SO IT'S BEcause you backed the wrong sort of proposition; here's one that is different; this one is small, but should pay you twenty for one within two months, and you are on the ground floor. We are now drilling at 775 feet in our well north of Mercury, in McCulloch County, Texas; oil and gas seepage is strong; we expect to strike good sand between 800 and 900 feet; shallow wells pay best; excellent geology, and other wells there have proven the location of the sand; seem certain to hit. Well being drilled on 200-acre lease owned entire by syndicate; well is 650 yards from railroad, which makes property very valuable when well hits. We expect to sell out for from $500 to $1,000 per acre the day after we bring in our well, and all proceeds from such sale will be paid out in one lump sum as dividends. Capitalization of syndicate only $10,000, with but $6,500 to be sold and subject to dividends; thus each unit holder's share of profits is very large. Trustees of syndicate young men, working on salaries, drawing nothing from syndicate; syndicate has no expenses except actual cost of drilling well. Units in Little Syndicate nearly all gone; at $50, par value, they are best buy on market to-day for big winning in short time; don't bother us with inquiries; if not satisfied money back; bank references; buy one or more units. Send check or money order to Little Syndicate, Fourth and Commerce Sts., Ft. Worth, Texas.

DON'T INVEST IN OIL BEFORE YOU read The Texas Investor. Knowledge is power. As an experienced operator, in my weekly magazine, I give you facts and information that you positively cannot afford to be without. A few dollars invested right and at the right time can do more than thousands invested thoughtlessly. My new syndicate plan of handling valuable leases in richest oil field in the world is placing those who are co-operating with me in line for tremendous profits. Write for trial subscription free. C. C. Cannan, 649 Cannan Bldg., Houston, Texas.

$5,000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOUsands of people who invested in Texas oil lands. They made the start. $2 may start you making $200 monthly, possibly more. You get warranty deed to land with interest in well and participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count. Bank reference, established facts free. Write today.. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 611 Dementl, St. Louis, Mo.

RELIABLE OIL NEWS FREE—"THE INvestment Indicator" posts you fully. Send for free trial subscription. Don't delay. Also ask for free details our new, clean plan making big money. No obligation. Equitable Trust Company, Milwaukee Bldg., Houston, Texas.

OIL MAP OF TEXAS SHOWING PRODUCing fields, prospective fields, trend of development, pipe lines, counties, and much other valuable information sent free for the asking. Address Geological Department, 226 Binz Building, Houston, Texas.

WILL YOU STAKE A FEW DOLLARS ON opportunity for enormous profit on completion of our 3 oil wells? Coming oil field of Texas. Write for folder A 4. Winnsboro Petroleum Company, 621 Pacific Finance Building, Los Angeles, Calif.

$2.00 MONTHLY BUYS DEED TO LAND and interest in oil wells that should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars. Texas Gulf Company, 633 First Nat'l Bank, Houston, Texas.

FREE MAP, STRAWN FIELD, STEPHENS County, Texas. Latest gusher field. Wonderful opportunity. Write for free map and information. Schimmel Co., Suite 443, 408 Burkburnett Bldg., Fort Worth, Texas.

OIL—$5 MONTHLY GETS DEED TO LAND and interest in wells that may pay $500 for every $5 invested. Write Bennett Co-operative Co., 312 1st Nat'l Bank Bldg., Houston, Texas.

AN INITIAL INVESTMENT OF FIVE DOLlars may make you rich. Secured by deed to land and interest in oil wells. Write me at once for full particulars. M. F. Hinckley, Beatty Bldg., Houston, Texas, Dept. A.

WOULD YOU INVEST $10.00 IN A TEXAS oil field business chance of making $5,000? Particulars free. Warren, 718½ Ohio, Wichita Falls, Tex.

3% MONTHLY DIVIDEND GUARANTEED. Speculation eliminated. Address, Midwest Investment Bureau, Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

BEAUTIFUL EIGHT PIECE TOILET AND manicure set while they last for only $2.50. Set contains one bonnet mirror 9¾ inches long, with oval plated mirror 5½x3½ inches, one hair brush 8¾ inches long, one black dressing comb 8 inches long, also cuticle, flexible nail file with cleaner, button hook and two crystal glass salve or pomade jars. This set is of ebony finished tops with mountings to match. Put up in fancy covered case and cloth puffed lining, a handsome serviceable outfit for the money. Send $2.50 for complete set by money order to Arthur Company, 2816 Broadway, Chicago, Ill.

PERSONAL

MARRY, BEST, LARGEST, ESTABLISHED 16 years. Thousands wealthy members. Old Reliable Club. Mrs. Wrubel, Box 26, Oakland, Calif.

SIXTH AND SEVENTH BOOKS OF MOSES. Egyptian secrets. Black art, other rare books. Catalog free. Star Book Co., 7B14M, Camden, N. J.

MARRY WEALTH. LARGEST, MOST SUCcessful; quickest results. Descriptions free. Mrs. Budd, Box 753, San Francisco, Calif.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DEscriptions and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

JOIN SELECT MARRIAGE-CLUB, HIGHEST recommendations; send 10c for information. True Friends Circle, Box 78, Spokane, Wash.

IF YOU WANT A HEALTHY, WEALTHY, loving wife, write Violet Ray, C. C. Dennison, Ohio. Enclose stamped envelope.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE: BEST PUBLIcation for sure results: reliable. Eastern Agency, 55 Bridgeport, Connecticut.

LADIES DESIRING HUSBAND OF WEALTH and health, write Box 38, Station H, Cleveland, Ohio.

BACHELOR GIRL WITH LARGE FARM will marry. Club, Box 55, Oxford, Florida.

PERSONAL—(Continued)

SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK, run down condition should take Juven Pills. They accomplish marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1, by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Z.R.)

MEN—NO MATTER WHAT YOU HAVE tried or how old your case our tablet preparation rapidly overcomes all such conditions; it gives greater strength, restores in less time and at less cost than anything under the sun. The tablet with the wonderful reputation. $1 per box, 4 for $3. Crown Drug Co., Dept. A, Station E, Box 50, Toledo, Ohio.

MEN WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE CAN find a marvelous remedy and complete restoration in 808 Tablets—the wonderful 48-hour medicine. Different from anything ever heard of. Holds world's record. $1 per box. Particulars and wonderful testimonials free. 808 Chemical Co., Dept. G, Pittsburg, Kan.

MEN—OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS TO restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE, REMEMBER we cure chronic, nervous, kidney, bladder diseases. Why not have the best treatment? Book symptom blank and advice free. Hinze Medical Institute, 22 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

HAIR GROWN ON BALD HEADS WHERE there are fine fuzzy roots $10.00. Superfluous hair removed forever $5.00. Satisfaction or money back. Knapp Trio, 378A Pleasant Ave., St. Paul, Minn. References Commercial State Bank.

THOUSANDS ANXIOUS TO MARRY. Worth to $100,000. Confidential descriptions free in plain sealed envelope. Satisfaction guaranteed. Long established, reliable, trustworthy. Peoples Club, Box 94, Los Angeles, California.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEOple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

LIFE PROBLEMS EXPLAINED AND SIMplified. Seven wonderful little books. Priceless knowledge for any one. 50c post-paid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Helweg, 58 W. Washington, Chicago.

MARRY—HUNDREDS RICH, HEALTHY, handsome and refined. Gentlemen seeking introductions to ladies willing to wed. Either sex, descriptions free. Address Reliable Cor. Club, Box 1022, Wichita, Kansas.

WOMEN—ERGOIL SAFELY RELIEVES. NO harm or inconvenience with work. Results guaranteed or money refunded. Prepaid, $1.25. Dermitone Remedy Co., Dept. 4, 127 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY RICH! HUNDREDS, NAMES, ADdresses, descriptions, also pictures, lonesome people, 25c. Box 3217, Boston, Massachusetts.

MARRY — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; description and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

SORE LEGS WILL HEAL UNDER ANTI-Flamma Poultice Plaster. Describe case and get free sample. Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

CANADIAN MATRIMONIAL PAPER—BIG issue. Photos, names, addresses, 25c. A. McCreery, Publisher, Chatham, Ontario.

GET MARRIED — BEST MATRIMONIAL paper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

MARRY—GIRL, 19, HAS $25,000; WIDOW, 36, worth $40,000; hundreds wealthy. List for stamp. Sunflower Club, Cimarron, Kansas.

LONELY WIDOW WISHES EARLY MARriage, $55,000 inducement. (Pearce), Box 3144 Jacksonville, Fla.

LADY, 25, HAVING MEANS, WISHES TO marry. H-Box 432, League, Columbus, Ohio.

CATHOLICS, WISHING TO MARRY, PARticulars free. Address Home Club. L-Box 23, Grand Rapids, Mich.

IF YOU ARE LONELY AND WANT A WONderful little wife, please write Mrs. Willard, Box 749, Chicago, Illinois.

JOIN LADIES' AND GENTS' CORRESPONDence club. Membership 50 cents. Eugene Goodwin, Rowley, Iowa.

WIDOW, 36, WORTH $50,000, WANTS HUSband. M-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

MERCHANT, 35, WORTH $40,000, WOULD marry. P-Box 325, Club, Fort Wayne, Ind.

GENTLEMAN, 44, WITH $75,000, WANTS wife. Q-Box 1134, League, Detroit, Mich.

MISSING PERSONS

A department devoted to aiding readers of the Blade and Ledger in finding lost persons.

In sending information to the Missing Persons Department for publication in the Blade and Ledger, please write the information in the following order:

1, your name; 2, your address; 3, relation, if any, to lost person; 4, lost person's name; 5, age; 6, where last heard from; 7, when last heard from; 8, occupation, if any; 9, description.

Our rate for inserting notice will be $1 for 35 words and 10c for every additional word in excess of 35. To reproduce a photograph there will be an extra charge of $1.

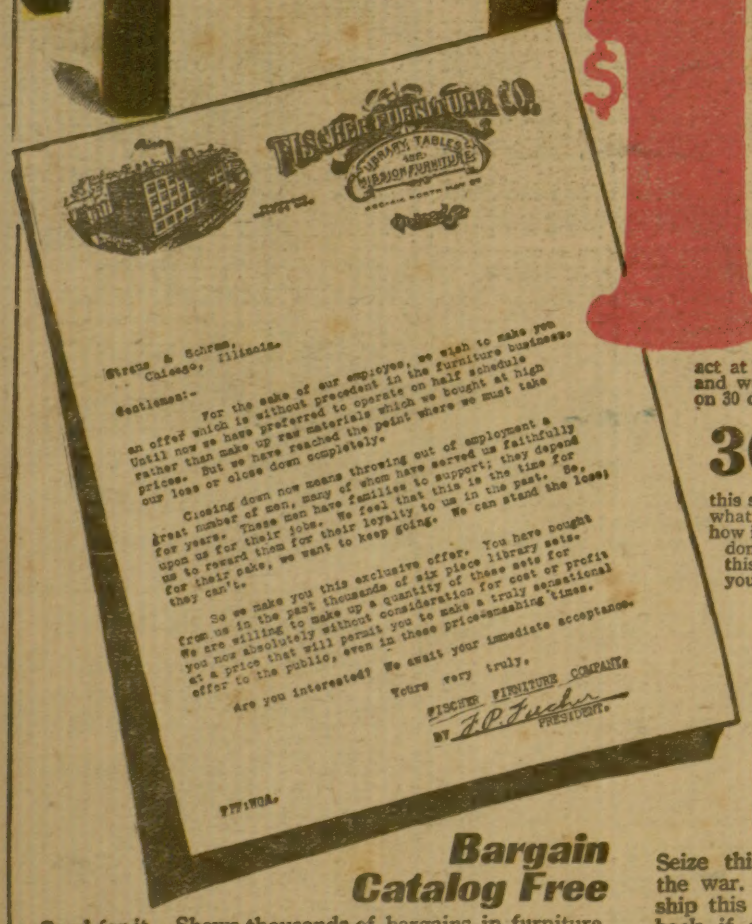
Address Lost Persons Editor, W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. H. A. Andrew, Hickory, Va., wishes to hear from, or concerning son, Ransie Wolf, 20 years old. Last heard from in Burnette, Wis., in November, 1919. He is 5 ft. 7 in. tall; weight, 150 lbs.; dark brown wavy hair, gray eyes and has a dark complexion.

Furniture Factory Unloads

Read Their Letter Below

Prices Smashed!



FISCHER FURNITURE CO.
LIBRARY TABLES and MISSION FURNITURE

Straus & Schram,
Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen:-

For the sake of our employes, we wish to make you an offer which is without precedent in the furniture business. Until now we have preferred to operate on half schedule rather than make up raw materials which we bought at high prices. But we have reached the point where we must take our loss or close down completely.

Closing down now means throwing out of employment a great number of men, many of whom have served us faithfully for years. These men have families to support; they depend upon us for their jobs. We feel that this is the time for us to reward them for their loyalty to us in the past. So, for their sake, we want to keep going. We can stand the loss; they can't.

So we make you this exclusive offer. You have bought from us in the past thousands of six piece library sets. We are willing to make up a quantity of these sets for you now absolutely without consideration for cost or profit at a price that will permit you to make a truly sensational offer to the public, even in these price-smashing times.

Are you interested? We await your immediate acceptance.

Yours very truly,

FISCHER FURNITURE COMPANY
BY J. P. Fischer
PRESIDENT.

PTW:WOA.

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6 Piece Set Fumed Solid Oak

Yours is the benefit. A positively staggering offer. Get this magnificent 6-piece library set, fumed solid oak, on this bed-rock, factory sacrifice price. *The factory's loss is your gain!* But the supply on this offer is limited — you must act at once. Send only $1.00 deposit with the coupon below and we will ship you this handsome, six-piece library set on 30 days' trial and approval.

A Room Full of Furniture

This superb 6-piece library set is made of selected solid oak throughout, finished in rich dull waxed, brown fumed oak. Large arm rocker and arm chair are 36 in. high, seats 19x19 in. Sewing rocker and reception chair are 36 in. high, seats 17x17 in. All 4 pieces are padded, seats upholstered in brown imitation Spanish leather. Library table has 24x34 in. top, with roomy magazine shelf below, and beautifully designed ends. Jardiniere stand measures 17 in. high, with 12 in. top. Clip coupon below, send it with $1.00, and we'll ship entire 6 pieces, subject to your approval. **No C. O. D.** Shipped knocked down to reduce freight charges considerably. Easy to set up. Shipping wt. about 175 lbs. **Order by No. B6259A. Send $1.00 cash with order, $2.70 monthly. Price $29.90. No discount for cash. Pieces not sold separately.**

30 Days' Trial

Yes, just $1.00 deposit with the coupon brings this set to your home to use as your own for 30 days. See what a beautiful, massive set it is; how it will last for years; how it will beautify your home. Then, after 30 days, if you don't agree that it is a wonderful bargain, especially on this offer, send it back at our expense and we will refund your $1.00 plus any freight charges you paid.

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have paid this rock-bottom, sacrifice price of $29.90 in all. We trust honest people anywhere in the U. S. One price to all, cash or credit. No discount for cash. Nothing extra for credit. No C. O. D.

But if you are satisfied after 30 days, start paying the small sum of *$2.70 a month* until you

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Seize this sacrifice offer. The lowest price since before the war. Just send the coupon with $1.00 and we will ship this complete set to you on 30 days' trial. Money back if not satisfied. (We will also send our big catalog of household furnishings. Anything you want on easy payments.)

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Enclosed find $1.00. Ship special advertised 6-piece Fumed Oak Library Suite. I am to have 30 days' free trial. If I keep the suite, I will pay you $2.70 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the suite within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any freight charges I paid.

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